

# *The Elks* Magazine







**"CALL MY WIFE  
AND TELL HER I WON'T BE HOME FOR DINNER"**

THIS MAN is going to sacrifice his dinner for a casual acquaintance.

In response to a frantic message, he is going to rush to the aid of a driver who is thoroughly shaken and bewildered by an automobile crash.

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# The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT  
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DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-  
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice,  
Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare  
and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken

the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate  
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## JUNE 1937

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The Elks Magazine. Volume 16, No. 1, June, 1937. Published monthly at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second class matter November 23, 1936, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks \$2.00 a year. For Canadian postage add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and membership number; 2. Number of your Lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address; 5. Occupation or business. Please also notify your Lodge Secretary of change and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of change to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., or the publication's executive offices, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first-class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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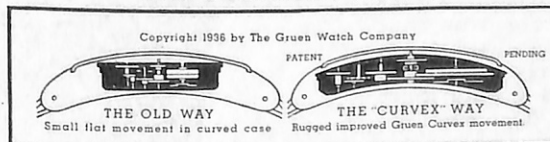
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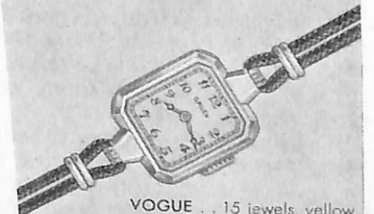
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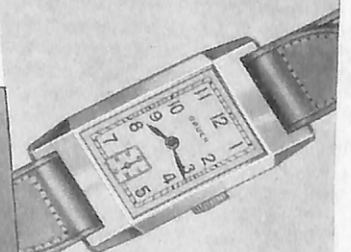
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# A SADDLE HORSE FOR SKIPPO

*What Skippo did was bad,  
but he had his reasons*

By Tim Pridgen

**B**LAME it, you fellows are starting off wrong on this thing, Cicero— Judge— Your Honor— (Big and placid and slow-thinking, and, for the moment, exasperated and determined, Farmer Exworth Cameron was making briar-patch progress through the crowd to the witness chair.) It's all right to talk about admissibility and rules of evidence and show how smart you all are in the law books, but this thing's serious. You ought not to go through all this rigamarole if you're going to use it wrong. Some things you can't put in law books. You've just got to sit down and think them out. Now, I'm going to tell you how it was—

"I object! Don't answer, Exworth! You know better than that!"

Aw, go on, Whitney! Since you got to be District Attorney you talk like a public official. Now, be easy and I'll tell you—

"Objection sustained! Now, Mr. Witness, you listen to the defense attorney and answer his questions—no more and no less."

There you go, Cicero! You stop hammering on the bench like that. Sure, I can answer Cudahey Dallan's questions, but I'm going to explain how the thing was first. Play acting in court is all right, I reckon, but those men in the jury box ain't been told the sense of what happened, yet. We've got to sit down and talk this thing over, men to men, and straighten it out.

"I suggest, Your Honor, that the jury retire."

But I don't want the jury to leave, Cicero— Judge— Sir. Henry King's on it and Vance Dixon and that fellow on the front row that lives on Conklin Hager's farm. I want them to hear it and help us do what's right.

"But, Ex! Listen to me! Turn around here to the bench and pay attention. You can't do that way. This is a court of law—"

Oh, hang the law. No, I didn't mean that. I meant— Do you know what your daddy told me, Cicero, before they put him on the Supreme Court over to Raleigh? He said the law was the written commonsense of all the—

"Let the jury retire!"

Well, have it your way, Cicero— Your Honor. But that's not going to fix Lum Ward's busted nose, nor cure his broken collar bone, nor neither that hole in his belly. And still yet it don't explain how little Skippo slung a two-hundred-pound washpot into the middle of him.

"Silence! Wait until the deputy closes the jury room door. Then, if you must get it off

your chest—go ahead, but don't let the jury hear."

Well—all right. Just any way, Cicero. But I'm not going to let you lawyer fellows try a friendless boy that's got no real harm in him on a law that was made for bandits and jailbirds. It just ain't right, law or no law. Your pa, if he was here, would bear me out.

You saw the way Lum Ward testified on the stand. He was terrible bitter. You'd ha' thought, the way his black eyes popped, that I was harborin' a plague of Egypt. Worse yet, a whole lot of that congregation of people out front there that's so het up about it—they believed Lum. I can't let that stand, Cicero, as much as I respect your court.

What Skippo done was bad enough, no discounting that. But he had his reasons, and if I do say it myself, they are about as good as your reasons for wanting to send him to prison.

I don't know where he came from—just about everywhere, I reckon. He was a scrawny little feller, and dirty, too. He had great big blue eyes and streaks of railroad dust on his face. You'd ha' thought, Cicero, that he hadn't et good for a week, he was that pale and washed-out—kind of white around the lips, like. His





hair was so long and shaggy that it hooked back under his ears.

First we knew of him he was standing at the back door out on the farm, asking for a crust of bread.

"Crust of bread!" Mollie blazed at him. "Nobody gets a crust of bread at this house."

"Well, you can go to hell!" he shot back at her, in the same tone of voice.

But he was talking one way and Mollie was talking another, as he soon found out. She has a heart of gold, but with nary a chick nor child of her own she's liable to be kind of sharp-like to hide her tenderness. Her jaw dropped at what he said and he cut her a hard look and turned to go, but she nabbed him.

What she meant was that no hungry person gets bread crusts at our house, but sausage and eggs and buttermilk and green beans and apple dumplings and such.

By the time I got back up to the house from the horse lot—Old Becky mare was fixing to drop a colt and I was tending her pretty close—that lad's paunch was sticking out like a bucket hanging on a bean pole.

That was easy enough to see, because by then Mollie

*Illustrated by  
Floyd Davis*



had him standing in a tub of water out by the well with one of her skirts around his middle. She was holding him by his hair and lathering him with soap.

He had the stuff in him, Cicero—that boy. He didn't yell nor cuss nor nothing—and I found out later that he could out-cuss any man in the neighborhood. He just stood there and took it, but I've never seen such misery in any human being's eyes.

I smiled at him, kind of friendly, to show him we were brothers under the skin. But he mistrusted kindness. He took me wrong. He got hard.

"Scram, you big ape! I'll bust your snoot!"

Mollie shook him by the hair and he shut up, but his eyes burned holes right through me.

It was some time after that before he stopped being so fierce. He was a quiet little feller, didn't say much, and seemed to have a powerful lot to think about. Mollie and me, we confused him. We were as sorry for him as we could be, just a little tad floating around among bums and criminals, getting off to a bad start. So we tried to be good to him and see if we couldn't tame him, but he didn't understand it.

We didn't tell him to stay or tell him to go, just sort of took him into the family. He must have figured we were trying to put something over on him, because he was as suspicious as the devil. He had a way of looking at us out of the corner of his eyes, staying out of arm-reach—so we couldn't hit him unexpected, I reckon. We certainly had him on pins, trying to understand it.

What held him at first, I think, was the hope of getting some more of Mollie's cooking. And that's enough to hold any man, I'm telling you, Cicero. I want you to come out to my house for some Sunday dinner—and you, too, Whitney. You should have seen that yung-un when we passed him the boiled chicken that night for supper. He took one helping and then cocked his eye, kind of scared-like, at Mollie. She was looking away—on purpose, I reckon; and he dumped another load on his plate as quick as a wink. Then he passed the dish to me like it was hot. I thought I would bust, but I kept my face straight and took two helpings, when Mollie went to the kitchen, like he did. Then he turned to me and wunk. We got almost friendly.

He took to Mollie right away. He followed her around the house, looking at what she did curious and half afraid, but feeling, too, that she was his friend and, maybe, had no harm for him.

Towards bed time I thought I better go see about Becky mare and told him to come along. But, no. He backed into the corner and grabbed Mollie's scissors and glared at me. He told me he would split me open if I even as much as laid hands on him.

Mollie was sewing. She laughed and told him I wasn't going to hurt him.

"Ah-h-h-h! Dat's what you say. I know about frails. They all lie. He'll get me out there in the dark and set the dogs on me."

He was a right terrible little sight, if you ask me—heh heh-h-h-h—standing there with his lips stretched back, his teeth shining and his eyes snapping—defending his life against me and Mollie.

But he figured it out himself. He put the scissors down.

"Okay!" he said.

He was only partly assured. He wouldn't carry the lantern. Made me tote it, and stayed off quite a distance. He was pretty smart. I suppose a kid on the road has to be smart.

*"Crust of bread!" Mollie blazed at him.  
"Nobody gets a crust of bread at this  
house!" "Well, you can go to hell!"  
he shot back at her.*



Old Becky was looking out the stall plenty mournful when we got there, and by Godfrey! she ought to have been mournful. Of all the dad-burnedest, knottiest, bundle-shanked, bunged-upest little pieces of horseflesh I ever saw, she'd had it. It looked like a cross between a billygoat and a woodhorse. It was standing in the straw next to her front leg, shivering.

I'd forgot about the boy. When I noticed him he had crept up behind me and was sitting on the stable door, leaning inside. His face was all lit up and he was kind of hissing. That was the first time I'd ever seen him smile.

"Looky!" he said, mighty soft. "Looky! What the dam' hell is it?"

"That's a colt."

"Colt? What's that?"

"A baby horse."

"The hell you say!"

He was looking at the leggy little thing plumb goggle-eyed.

"The hell you say!"

He forgot all about being afraid of me. The colt spell-bound him. He kept easing into the stable until he finally had his hand on it, stroking its neck. His hand trembled he was so eager.

"You want it?" I asked him.

He whirled at me fierce.

"Me? What would I do with it?"

"Why—feed it. Raise yourself a saddle horse."

"Nerts! How would I feed it—on the road?"

"That's a fact," I said, sympathizing. "Would be awkward."

He jumped up all full of notions. I reckon that was the first time he had ever thought of having something for his own.

"Maybe I could! Maybe I could!" he cried. "I know about haystacks. You sleep in 'em."

"Yes," I says, "but the colt must have milk—for a long time."

"Damn it."

"Tough on the colt," I says. "It's so little and scrawny, I'll have to shoot it."

That was a lie, of course, but he didn't know it. He leaped at me like he was going to strike me down.

"You're not! You're not! You're not going to shoot my horse."

"Well," I says, off-hand, "if you feel like staying with him until he grows up—work for your horse's feed and yours—like splitting kindling and driving the cows in from the pasture and such—I might consider the proposition."

But I was too fast.

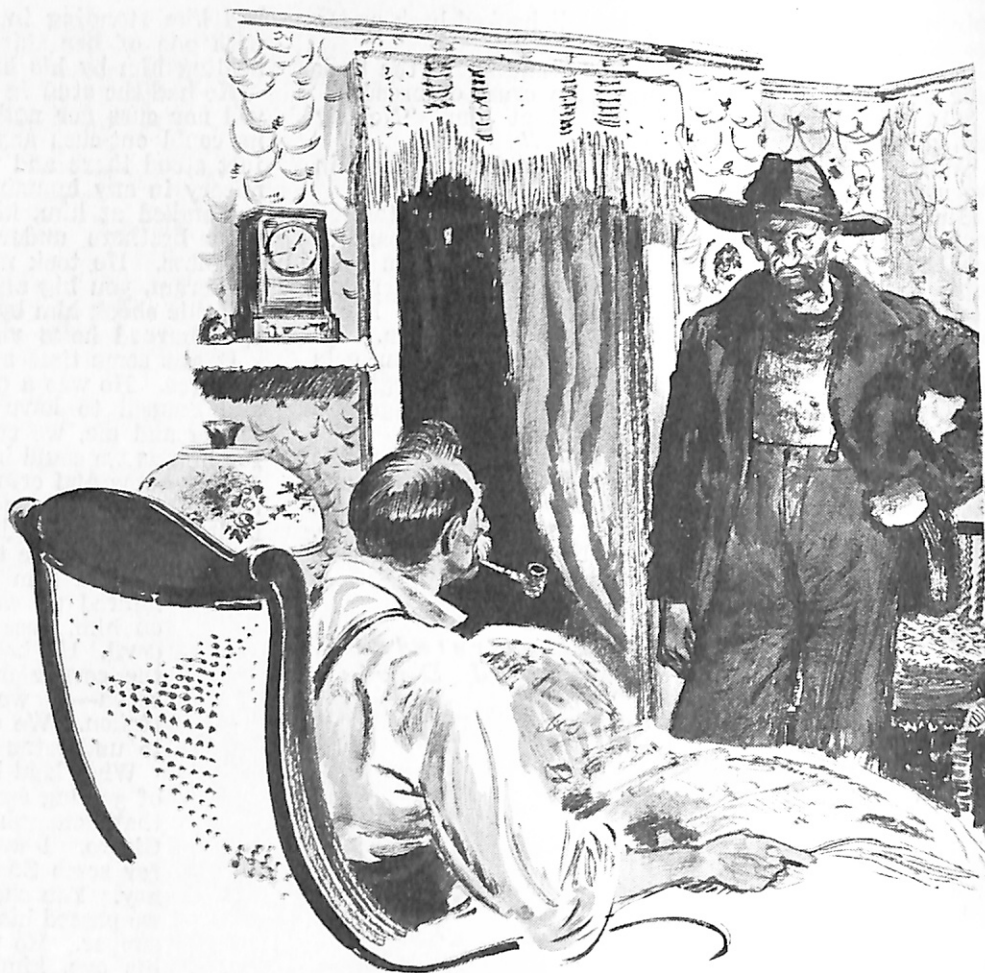
"What!" he said, scornful. "Me a dam' hick!"

"Well—what's your proposition?"

That stuck him. He went back to rubbing the colt's neck. It was a sort of brownish-black little scrub with a bit of a forelock coming down toward its eyes. Old Beck nuzzled it and then nuzzled Skippo, too, and that tickled him pink. We went back to the house. The young'un was all hippity-hop about the colt. He couldn't stand still. It was about bed time. You should have heard Mollie make him say his prayers, Cicero. You'd have cracked a rib.

"What da hell must I get on my knees for?" he wanted to know.

I'm a light sleeper and late that night I waked up



to hear him creeping out of the house. I figured to let him go. He didn't belong on a farm. I daresn't wake Mollie, because I knew she had been thinking about him just about like he had been yearning after the colt. She'd probably set me after him to bring him back.

But the boy hadn't gone anywhere, Cicero. Nowhere at all. I thought as long as I was awake I might as well see about Becky, and went down to the barn. There he was, sitting in the straw in the dark brushing the colt with the hairbrush from his room—and it was a good one—a silver-backed brush Uncle Charlie had given Mollie for Christmas maybe twenty years ago. He didn't see me and I didn't say anything, just stood there and listened. Seemed to me that all the longing and homesickness and bottled-up tenderness that had been festerin' in that boy, he poured out there in the dark to what he called his horse. It was mostly cussin' and croonin', but it made sense to me and, I reckon, to the colt, too. I tried to swallow and couldn't and crept on back to the house.

The next morning after breakfast he come up to me down by the waterin' trough where I was packing the pump. He says,

"Where's your dam' stovewood to be split?"

Well, Cicero, I wanted to hug the little devil. He'd fought it out for himself, most likely all night long, and had made up his mind. He wanted that colt more than anything in the world and was willing to be what he called a "dam' hick" for it. That was a terrible come-down for him, but he didn't flinch.

But even at that I figured he'd better pay a leetle higher price, so he'd think he was getting more.

I says to him, "Well—I don't know whether we can trade or not. So far's I'm concerned, if you do your work ship-shape, I'll board you and your horse until he is old enough to saddle-break—and give you a saddle, to boot. That'll be, maybe, twenty months. But Miss



Mollie is the boss around here. She doesn't allow any cussin' on the place, and she makes everybody take a bath every day. Yes—and go to school. Think you can stand all that?"

"Chees! Wash—every day?"

"With soap."

"I won't do it."

"I allowed not. I wouldn't, myself, if she didn't make me. I don't blame you much. It's a runty little ol' horse, anyway."

"He's not! He's a dam—he's a fine horse! Where's that stovewood, I said."

Cicero, it was practically a miracle what the colt did for that boy. He stopped cussin' right then—except for slip-outs. Mollie has to keep him from fetchin' wood in the

kitchen—he'd fill up the whole room. He does his chores, jamb-up. He's almost too obliging, some times. One time Mollie complained that she didn't have a fat chicken for next-day dinner, and that night he went over to a neighbor's hen house and got one—stole it. That was bad—specially when he thought we were a couple of old fools for making such a fuss about it. Said that was the way he always got his chickens.

We got along fine for about a week until Lum Ward came over from his farm to sit the evening. Lum's all right. He's a good man, but he's a powerful fellow to have his own way. Oh, well—he'll never have any more use for me, anyhow, so I'll tell it like it was. He sticks his nose into other people's business too much, Cicero. Tells you how to run your farm and gets insulted if you don't take his advice. That sort.

So Lum came in and saw Skippo sitting over to one side looking at some pictures. Lum wanted that explained right off, and we told him.

"You better send him packing," Lum said, all uncalled for. "He'll give you trouble, and mark my words."

I tried to say as little as possible and pass it off, because one word leads fast to another with Lum, and I didn't want any argument. Skippo dropped his book and looked mighty hard at Lum but didn't say anything.

"He's a little thief and a bum and I'm surprised you'd let him take up here," Lum kept on.

I started to tell him to ease up, but Skippo broke in. He stood up, sort of weaving his little shoulders and hitching up his belt and sticking out his chin. It was real funny, Cicero—in a way. Pathetic, too. He'd seen men fight and knew the motions, but it was like a mouse bucking a bulldog. But he went straight to

*Skippo dropped his book and looked mighty hard at Lum but didn't say anything. "He's a little thief and a bum and I'm surprised you'd let him stay on the place."*

Lum, just the same, his fists up and his elbows working. "Listen, hick! You're a smart guy, eh? Well, shut up! One more word outa you—just one more dam' word and I'll—"

Lum jeered at him, "You'll do what?"

"I'll spit in your eye!"

And Cicero—Judge—Your Honor—believe it or not, but that little knot of gristle backed Lum down. Yes, sir! Lum just set there with his mouth shut and took it.

'Course I went over and hustled the young-un off to bed. Lum wanted me to whip him, but I told him it was his own fault. That made him sore at me and he went home. But that's the reason, the bottom rail reason, I mean, why you're trying to send Skippo to prison today, Cicero. He's got better grit in his craw than Lum and it showed up in the test. Lum's been trying to even-up ever since, and getting beat every time. Now he wants you to take up his fight.

Skippo came back down stairs after Lum left.

He says, "I don't have to stay here. Tah hell with it."

"Nobody's keepin' you," I says, bluffing. You couldn't come straight out and be kind to him. He didn't understand it.

"Nobody can."

"Who wants to? You can take your horse and go when you like."

He looked at me and his mouth started trembling.

He said, "I ca-a-a-an't!"

The next second he was bawling in Mollie's lap and she was weeping in his hair and I—like an old fool—was weeping, too.

It was a pretty tough road, Cicero, but it was along that route that we got to understand each other. You can begin to see now why I'm trying to head off you lawyer fellows.

It was the middle of the next week, just about the time of the first frost, before Lum came back to sit an evening. I was hoping he wouldn't come at all, he harbors grudges so long. He's pretty mean about such things. It wasn't long until I saw he had figured out a way to come even with Skippo. The lad cut a pretty sharp squint at Lum but he was polite enough at that. I was right proud of him.

It hadn't been three weeks, remember, Cicero, since that boy had been sleeping in what he called the jungles and hunting for his feed like a wild animal.

"Hi, Skippo," Lum said, smiling smooth.

"How's your horse?"

"Fine," says the boy, watching him and not smiling.

"I had a hard day today," Lum says, stretching out before the fire. "Hauled in

some early corn this morning and after dinner I took some more cotton over to the gin. While I was in town, Exworth," he said to me, "I went over to the courthouse and got sworn in."

"Sworn in?" I asks. "What you getting sworn in about?"

"I'm an inspector now," he says.

"What sort of an inspector?"

"I'm a horse inspector," he says.

He was so solemn about it I thought he was talking sense, but when he said "horse inspector" I knowed there wasn't any such office. Skippo looked over the top of his book and kept his eye right on Lum. I saw then what Lum was driving at.

"I reckon you're just jokin', Lum," I says to him. "There ain't any such office as horse inspector."

"Oh, yeah," he says. "New government job. You go around an inspect all the colts. Them that is under-size and so forth you shoot, so as to keep the breed up to standard."

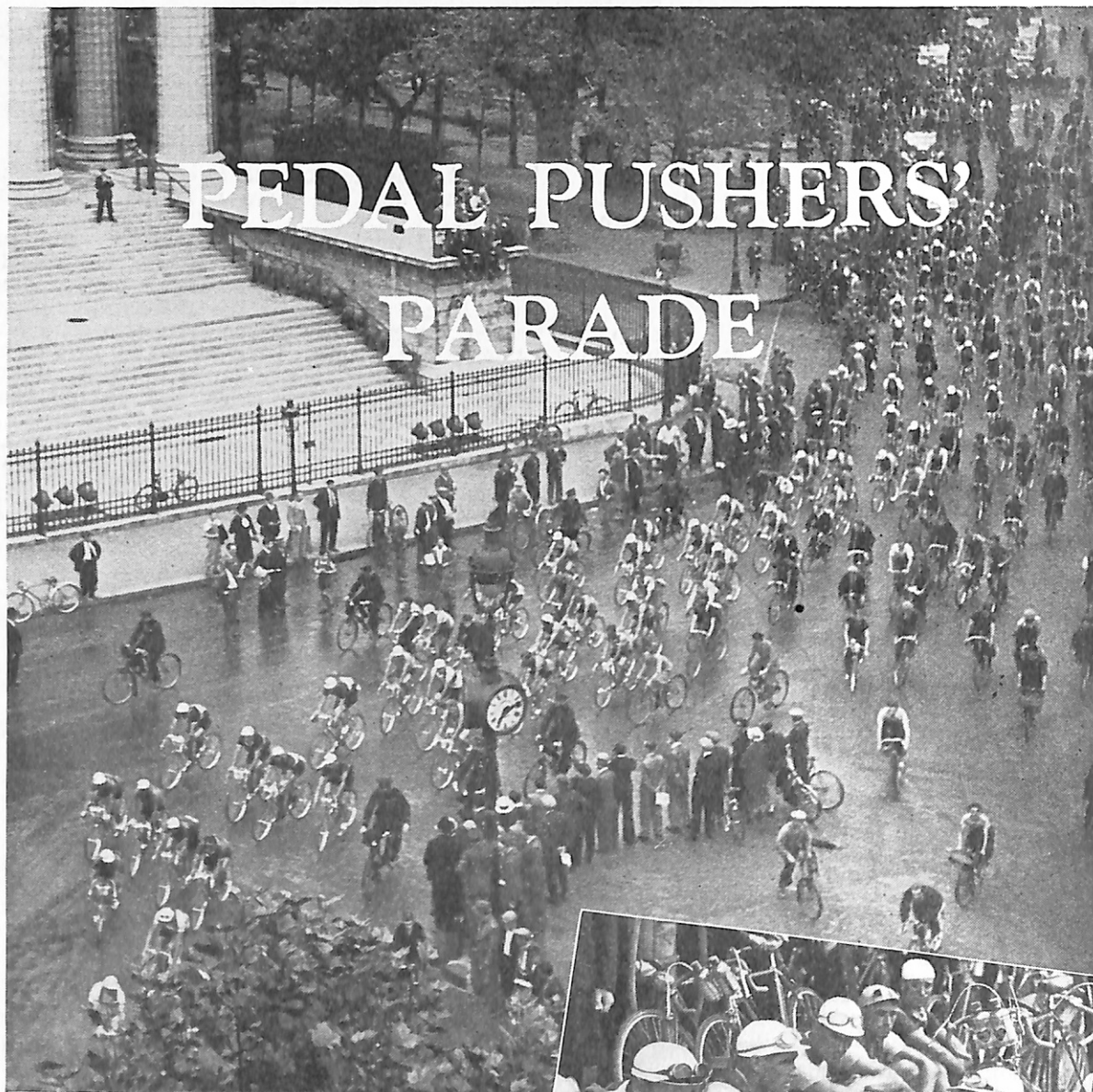
"I still say you are jokin', Lum," I says, frowning at him, "and I wouldn't do that if I was you."

"You don't have to believe it," he says. "Not until I come with my government badge. You'd better believe it then or I'll put you in jail."

"Fummididdles!" says I.

"Oh, that's all right," he (Continued on page 45)

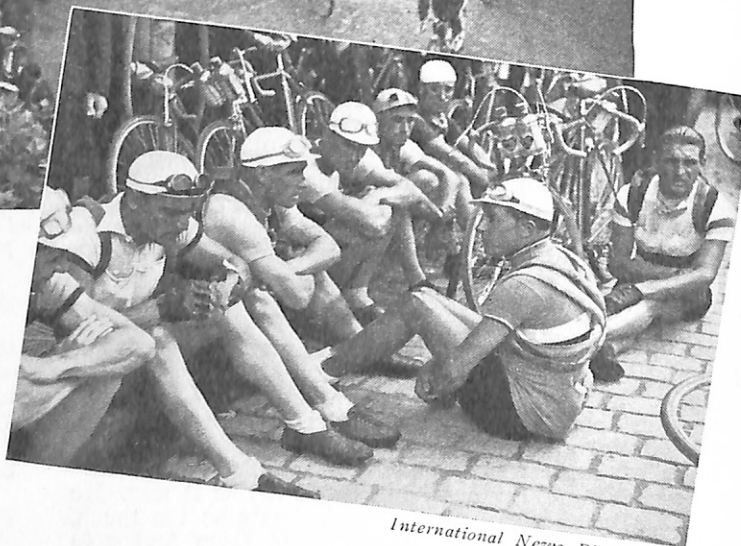




# PEDAL PUSHERS' PARADE

**GO** The 1936 Tour de France, with the riders passing before the Madeleine Church in Paris on their way to Le Vésinet, for the starting signal.

**..2** The second stage of the race, with the riders at Lille Charleville. This stage was won by the Belgian, Wierinck.



*International News Photos Inc.*

By Philip Harkins

It is the longest race in the world; it is sportdom's greatest test of endurance; and it is the most famous sporting event in Europe.

They call it the Tour de France—a back-breaking, nerve-ripping, bike race from Paris to Paris by way of Normandy, the Riviera, the Pyrenees, the Alps and all points west.

Multiply the six-day race by five, add two or three blizzards, treacherous mountain roads, two avalanches and four heat waves and you'll have some idea of the future that faces over a hundred young athletes who

will pedal out of Paris early this month in search of fame, fortune and early retirement. The only discomfort these Spartans of the open road will miss that the six-day riders undergo is the smell of those cheap cigars that hangs over the wooden saucer at Madison Square Garden.

Practically every country in Europe is represented by a team, from Germany to the Duchy of Luxembourg. But every now and then, just to remind observers that Europe is sitting on a powder-keg, a country drops out because of some disturb-

ance or other. This year Spain will be among the missing, the members of its team scattered to the seven winds by a terrible civil war.

But while one country drops out, another drops in. Thus for the first time in the history of the Tour, England will be represented, and as this goes to press, efforts are being made to enlist an American team. It is doubtful, however, if Americans can get ready in time. Riding around a wooden saucer is one thing; riding over the Alps, another. When you consider that in 1936, 40 out of 130

starters dropped out on the first lap, a comparatively mild little jaunt of 156 miles—from Paris to Lille—it isn't hard to see that participation in a race like this means months, even years of good, stiff training. But if you want to go over there and take a shot at this mad marathon, go ahead, only don't say I didn't warn you.

Just to give you an idea of the distance they cover, read these figures. Last year the race rolled over 4,442 kilometers or about 2,776 miles, in 21 laps. Starting in a little town near Paris, the racers swept up to Lille and Metz, then down to Aix-les-Bains, over the Alps to Grenoble, down to the Riviera, along to Marseille, over the Pyrenees, way up the Western Coast to Normandy and then down to Paris. They left on the seventh of July and crossed the finish line in the Parc des Princes velodrome on the second of August, as the Nation, following every move via the radio and the newspapers, rose to its feet and hysterically cheered them home.

Before taking the Tour apart and seeing what makes it run, let's take a look at the domestic situation with regard to bicycles. Would a race like this be a success here?

No one will deny that the six-day race and other wooden track bike races are popular. And it may sur-

The Tour de France is the World Series of Europe. Over there it is called the "Tour" as we call baseball's climax the "Series." And if someone like Gaston Lezoupe wins the Tour he becomes the foreign equivalent of our Carl Hubbell or Lou Gehrig. Gold will pour in through every door. But not only will Gaston collect the prize money—some 30,000 bucks—he will amass another small fortune in endorsements for everything from bicycle pumps to aperitifs, the French equivalent for our cocktail.

One reason for the Tour's grip on the sporting pulse of Europe is the prevalent use of the bicycle abroad.

The French peasant with his corduroy trousers and the Englishman with his baggy gray flannels are familiar figures pedaling calmly along rural roads on their bikes which serve a double purpose; business and pleasure. Another reason is that a bicycle race done on an international scale over a tremendous amount of territory, is bound to be packed with thrills. Further, this Tour de France is an old, time-worn sporting event and as such has the same sort of hold over the public as the Oxford-Cambridge boat race or the Army-Navy game. Still another reason is that a bicycle race like the Tour is a simple sort of

competition. The man with the shortest elapsed time wins. There are no "off-sides," no penalties for "interfering with the receiver of a forward pass." Children both old and young can follow it with ease and do they follow it! The crowd that gathers outside the local radio shop in Darcy-le-Pipe listening to the broadcast of the Tour is just like the crowd 3,000 miles away in America listening to the World Series.

To understand the Tour one must understand *L'Auto*, the French sporting paper that promotes this cycle carnival, and the man behind *L'Auto*, Henry Desgranges. Thirty-one years ago Desgranges had the brilliant idea that the bicycle industry needed a shot in the arm, and in a moment of inspiration he conceived the Tour de France. The Tour is his brain-child and it has grown from a shabby little race with haphazard organization to a gigantic affair with everything arranged on a super-efficient schedule. This has all been the work of Desgranges and, naturally, he has made plenty of money out of it. His paper, an eight page daily printed on cheap yellow paper follows the Tour from every conceivable angle and there are those who say that the Tour practically supports *L'Auto* with the money that rolls in for advertising.

..3 The third stage of the tour with the cyclers passing over a closed grade crossing at Montemendi.



..5 Chambaud, followed by Antoine, Granello and Lesueur climbing up the Col De La Meche in the fifth stage of the Race.



prise you to know that in New York City alone, 175,000 people ride bikes! Further, every boy and girl in the United States has at some time or other ridden a bicycle. (Some of us have even ridden "no handies".)

A trans-continental race from New York to Los Angeles over the Alleghenies and the Rockies would lack none of the obstacles that make the Tour de France the Number One test of stamina. Americans have always admired the guy who can take it. And the guy who can take it best would win this competition. The material is there. The rest would depend on the promotion.



..7 The seventh stage of the tour of France Race at Aix-Le-Bains, with snow on the ground and mountains in the background.

Pictures, Inc.





**... 8 & 10** *The Eighth and Tenth stages of the grueling ordeal, with the racers following the rough and twisting mountain roads on France's Côte Laffrey.*

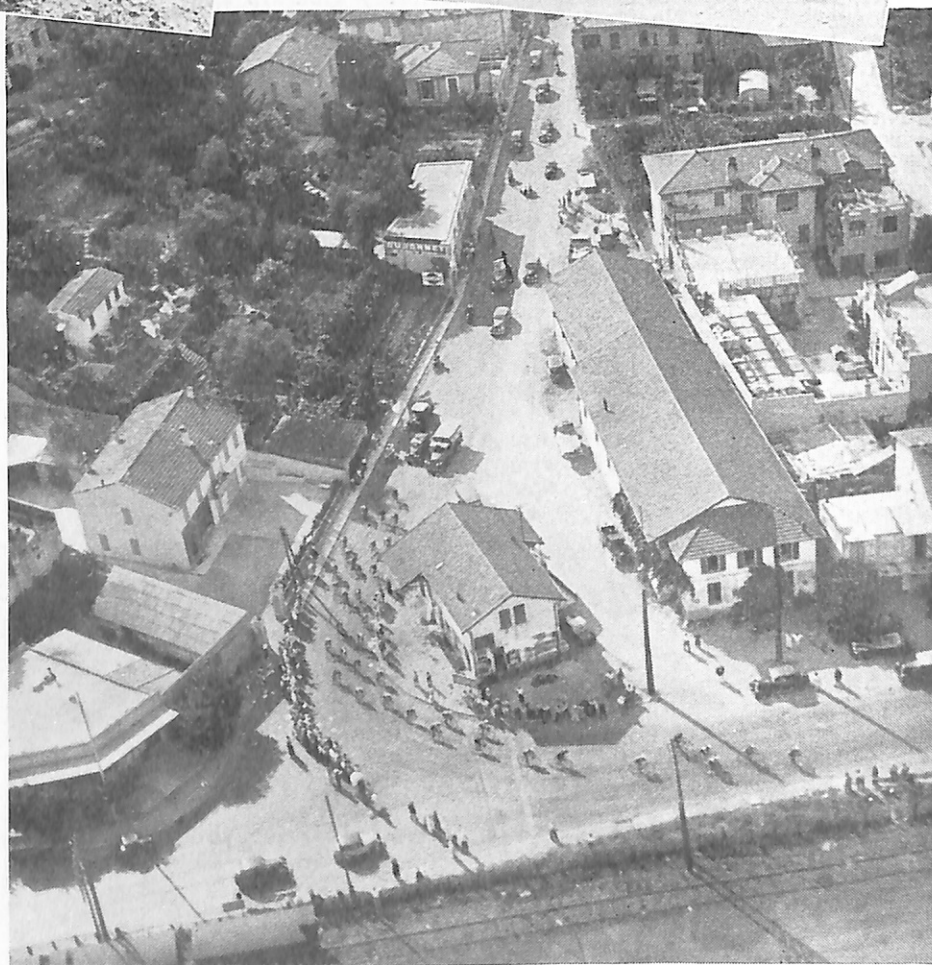


Such is the hold this sheet has on the French sporting public, all it has to do is wave its magic wand over a sport and abracadabra! it becomes a howling success. *L'Auto* has promoted everything from ice hockey to ping-pong and both sports have prospered. So closely linked with the Tour is this sportsman's journal that the winner of the day's lap wears a yellow jersey; the yellow, of course, calling attention to the color of the paper.

When I said that *L'Auto* covers the race from every angle I meant exactly that. One writer is assigned to do a novelette about the Tour. This little masterpiece follows the riders all over France recording the "hopes and fears of the young athletes." Here is a little suggestion for our press. Why not a serial to accompany the World Series? Change the names of the characters, shift the scene to the Hotel Pott, New York, and turn on the script. Here we go: "Poor Emily strolled into the Hotel Pott feeling all done in. What a day it had been! Dizzy Dean knocked out of the box in the third and Butch Von Pessler, who had been batting 588 and fielding like a retriever, out of the game with athlete's foot. What was the world coming to? Sorrowful Emily sank into a deep leather chair to await the return of her maiden Aunt Lucy. 'Hello, babe,' said a healthy, young voice. Emily looked up. 'Butch Von Pessler!' she exclaimed."

There you are. The first installment. What did Butch say next? What did Emily's aunt think of salted peanuts? Read tomorrow's chapter in the New York Leader, "a paper for people who drink."

A racing bike has never been famous for its comfort. The saddle is narrow and hard, and the handle-bars are down somewhere near the ground giving the rider an acute case of round-shoulders. On the Tour, once a rider gets on his machine



*Pictures, Inc.*

*An air view of the riders rounding a bend in a French town in the tenth stage. They are worn out now.*

he stays on. No, wait, there is an exception to that rule. If the route for that particular day happens to run over a mountain or so, the racer has the privilege of dismounting, slinging the bike over his shoulder and carrying it up to the summit. Otherwise, Gaston stays on his bike from dawn to dusk unless, of course, he falls or has a flat tire. In the latter case Gaston changes the tire himself. His emergency equipment includes a hand-sewn extra-thin tire (what the French call a "boyau") worn wound around his shoulders, and two metal containers on the handle-bars filled with whatever he wants to put in them, from orangeade to consomme or white wine. When

Gaston arrives in Marseille or Cannes he feels as though his back is going to break in half and his lungs explode. So when the man with the stop-watch checks him out he goes straight to the hotel room assigned him and falls into a hot bath. Then he is taken over by a masseur and gets a good rub-down. Dinner comes next and it's a hearty one with plenty of wine. By the time the cheese and crackers come around Gaston's eyes are too heavy to read his fan mail and he is ready to hit the hay. Up he totters to his

bed, and then comes a peaceful blank till dawn. Sometimes, of course, the wives of the racers follow the Tour, in which case they may say goodnight to each other from different hotels. It being France, Gaston's lady friend may also chase around the country after him and be rewarded by a tired "goodnight" over the phone. Racing, somehow or other, kills romance.

A cavalcade like the Tour quite naturally abounds with incidents, and accidents. Rushing down from Luchon in the Pyrenees, Morelli, the Italian rider, slurred around a sharp corner, smacked into a three-foot stone wall that separates the road from a sheer drop of a thousand feet, tumbled over and landed in the comforting branches of a scrub pine which—thank Heaven for Morelli—had taken it into its head to grow at an angle which formed just the right kind of safety net the racer needed. There he tenaciously clung, saying his prayers and waiting for the little tree to give way. A carload of officials came along, heard his cries for help and lowering a rope, pulled him up to terra firma.

In the embryonic years of the Tour riders got away with murder. They loafed, "fixed" finishes and stuck nails in their opponents' tires. "Ah, them was the days," as the old timers say. It was nothing unusual to "gang up" on a favorite and put him out of commission. Fights were frequent and bitter. Racers stole rides in autos, tried in vain to find a motor small enough to hide on their bikes so they could use it on some desolate country road. The race was spread out over so much territory it was impossible to check up on everybody. One rider signed in for the day's run, pedalled out to a lonely spot on a twisting road, jumped into a friend's car, rode all day long and cycled in again five miles from the finish of the day's race.

But today there are strict regulations, fines, disqualifications. Riders

who try to pull a fast one find themselves trapped and punished. There are too many officials and newspapermen.

There is no country like France for a race of this kind. Not only is every variety of trail tested, but almost every turn of the wheel covers some scene of historical interest.

Assume, if you will, that we have just left Grenoble, the key city to the French Alps. Here not long ago were finally discovered the authentic bones of the famous Chevalier Bayard, the prototype of chivalry. All around us are the snowy peaks of the Alps reaching for the blue sky. Now we begin the long winding climb to the mountain pass that will lead us over the top and down to the city of Digne, the next stop on the schedule. Up we go, past the Chateau de Vizille, constructed in the sixteenth century and now the summer residence of the French president. Winding still higher we come to the spot where Napoleon paused in his world-rocking return from Elba, to survey the golden valleys of the Dauphine. Here carved in the mountain rock are the Emperor's eagles. The riders whirl by concentrating on the grim downhill dash. A racer speeding recklessly earthwards, skidding around corners, his head almost touching his front wheel, suddenly hit a stone, spilled, crashed his head against a rock, and died instantly.

So down they come to Digne, under a fiery sun, swathed in a cloud of dust; down comes the long line of riders whirling and spinning like dervishes, at forty miles an hour, catapulted into the fresh wind that brings them new life after the tedious, energy-sapping uphill climb.

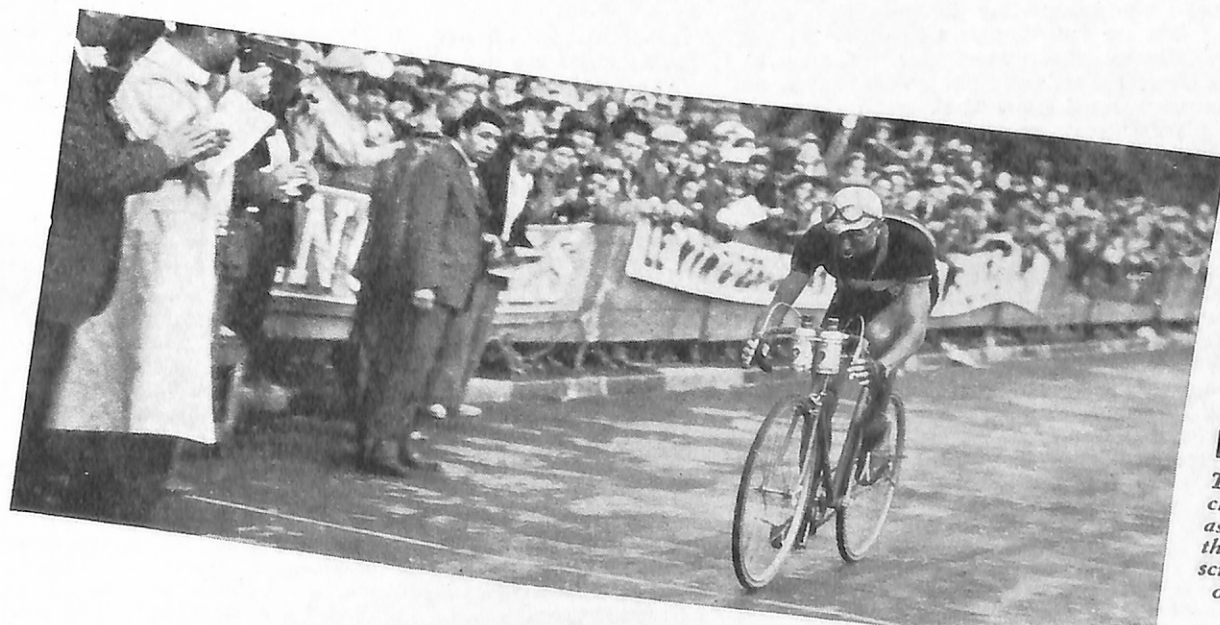
Baseball has its specialists. So has the Tour. There are men who specialize in climbing, called *les grimpeurs*; there are others who go in for the flying sprint at the end of the day's run when the leaders are fighting it out for the daily prize; these natur-

ally are called *les sprinteurs*. Then come *les rouleurs*, those automatons who roll steadily over the level plains. Thus, when the Pyrenees loom ahead the supporters of Hans, the German *grimpeur*, rub their hands together and say, "Now Hans will show them a thing or two." And he probably will, climbing the Pyrenees like a mountain goat. But a day or two later the procession will be rolling on the flat and poor Hans will be left in the lurch climbing sadly over ant-hills.

About fifty automobiles follow the Tour. There are cars for the newspapermen, cars for the officials, two radio trucks and a food van which serves the riders a hot lunch if they happen to be near it at lunch time. The radio trucks belong to Paris papers who broadcast the race blow by blow, or shall we say puff by puff. And they have plenty to gab about into the mike. In a contest such as this one that seems to go on forever, with rain and sleet and miserable heat, the riders are at each other's throats almost every day in the week. And such things they fight about! "Is Italian wine better than French wine?" Side by side, Luigi and Francois will quibble over this moot question. Finally it will boil down to the point where Luigi will mutter, "it is," and Francois, equally enraged, will simply reply, "it ain't." And before they realize what they are doing they will hop down off their bicycles and go at each other hammer and tongs.

Toiling along under a steady, depressing rain, over slippery macadam or skiddy pebbles, tired legs going like pistons, stomachs complaining of indigestion, eyes complaining of aching strain, posteriors complaining of terrible blisters—is it any wonder that tempers blow up and that ordinarily rational men haggle over everything from the price of cheese to the inferiority of French beer?

(Continued on page 40)



## FINISH

The Luxembourg champion, Mathias Clemens wins the race before a screaming crowd of Frenchmen.



THE Eleventh Cavalry came to Monterey long before the fish canneries. In those days the Presidio looked down on indented sandy beaches at the foot of oak-clad slopes, and enlisted men who were either mustered out or who bought out found odd jobs available posing for the artists who lived on the slopes. But with the growth of Cannery Row the beaches were built over with fish sheds, and the oaks cut down to make room for the cannery workers' dwellings. The artists moved to Carmel, and ex-soldiers now hunted jobs in the canneries. But not Snort. Red-headed, freckled and twenty-six, he placed his white discharge paper in his pocket, attached himself as tender to Gar Langard, the deep sea diver, and then waited for fortune and adventure to materialize. So far, he had found neither, and as he sat one night at a bare table in The Knotty Palm, talking to Gar Langard, there was decided complaint in his conversation.

"Cannery Row cleaned up eight million dollars this season, and yet here's you and me down to the price of our last drink. What's the matter with us?"

Gar Langard heaved his great shoulders, drew a square, muscular hand across his stubbled, sunburnt chin, and studied the table before him. It was a round table with nothing on it but two well-drained glasses. He lifted one of the empty glasses, and then put it down again, and his eyes roved over the dimly lighted room. There was nothing unusual about The Knotty Palm. It had tables and chairs and a bar, and a small space for dancing. It was not even naughty. Sometimes tourists wandered in to get atmosphere, but all they saw were cannery workers, fishermen and sometimes a very immature artist. This night it was particularly quiet for the sardine season was over, and the fishermen had all gone up with the salmon fleet to Alaska. Gar's eyes came back to rest on Snort's pugnacious nose and crisp, red hair.

"Wait," he said hopefully. "Maybe somebody'll get drowned."

"I ben waiting," reminded Snort. "For three years I ben waiting for you to go down for that \$2,000,000 in Chinese silver what you told me was sunk with the *Rio Janeiro*. What's the matter with us getting it this coming month now that all the sewers is repaired, and all the lost anchors is brought up? What's the matter with doing that? And considering that \$2,000,000 why do you sit here talking about drownings?"

"We can't get that silver from the *Rio* till I got a bigger boat. That silver's sanded in for thirty years, now. It's there, but it's sanded in." Gar lifted his glass again as if he had forgotten it was empty. "And when there's nothing else doing, then drownings is good," asserted Gar. "Remember that Carmel lady the octopus took? And the artist who fell off the rocks at Point Lobos? Did them jobs pay good or did they not?"

"What are you going to do?" inquired Snort. "Push someone in? Some of them fat packers, maybe. Only they don't never go near the water—and no one else has got any of the eight millions so far as I can see. And talking about seeing—you see that girl what just left?"

"What about her?" asked Gar without admitting that he hadn't seen her.

"She give me the high sign," said Snort calmly. "She



## THE GOOD TENDER

*In which a mirror brings only good luck and a diver proves to be no better than his tender*

By M. O'Moran

left a mirror on her chair—so as I can give it to her next time I see her. Which I certainly can." He stepped over to the indicated chair and picked up a small mirror. It was beveled glass with an expensive leather back.

"Don't touch that mirror," warned Gar. "They get broke too easy around boats, and we got enough bad luck already."

"Then you didn't see the girl," decided Snort. "I thought you didn't." He put the mirror in his pocket. "Only good luck could come from this," he observed. Before Gar could get an answer ready his attention was distracted by the sight of a swarthy, thick-set Greek who was weaving a path toward the diver's table. He was dressed in pale gray wool over a violet silk shirt, and wore large diamonds on his fingers.

"Which one is the diver?" he asked, looking from Snort to Gar and back to Snort again.

"Both," said Snort quickly. "A diver is no good without his tender."

"Then you're him," said the Greek, addressing Gar. "Have you ett dinner yet?"

"Not yet," said Snort brightly.

"I'll stand you the dinner," said the Greek. "I stand it for both of youse." He sat down, and beckoning to a

*Illustrated by Ronald McLeod*

*Studying their lowering, unfriendly faces,  
his heart sank as heavily as if weights had  
been placed on it, too*



waiter, ordered three fish stew dinners with drinks. "It's a job," he said to Gar. "You got your own boat and gear?"

"And my crew," added Gar. "Yes, I got them all."

"You won't need no crew," explained the Greek. "I got the crew. All I want is the diver. And a good one."

"A diver is as good as his tender," interrupted Snort.

"You're telling me," said the Greek. "Which is why I already got a tender for him. The best in the world."

"Not Ivan?" exclaimed Gar joyfully.

"Me," said the Greek calmly.

"You going to let him pick out your tender for you?" Snort fairly steamed with indignation. "Why don't you tell him I'm your tender, and to get the hell out of here if he don't like it."

"It's a job," placated Gar, his eyes on the loaded tray that the waiter was bringing. "And it's him that's making the terms. If you ain't in on it that's just your bad luck. I bet you broke that mirror already. Or if you ain't you're going to."

During the dinner the Greek explained between mouthfuls of fish that he was after abalone for his own market in San Francisco. Gar shook his head.

"Diving is twenty-five dollars an hour, crew or no crew," he informed him. "What you want to do is your

own diving in that work, or buy your abalone on the wharf."

"I know what I want," said the Greek. "No one knows better what I want than me. And I want you for an afternoon's diving." He arranged to meet Gar down at the City wharf the following day at noon, he to bring the crew, and Gar to have the boat and gear ready, and ordering an extra round of drinks, he paid for the dinner and went away.

"Well," said Snort, "so he's to be tender for you, and you're going without me. I never thought you'd let me down like that, Gar. By heaven, I hope he drowns you."

"I'm not letting you down." Gar pushed away his empty glass and stood up. "It wasn't up to me. You heard what he said. It's only a day's work anyway, so why should you care? Tomorrow night we'll be eating again, and that's all that matters." Gar thumped him on the shoulders, and Snort pulled a grimace.

"You should of held out for your own tender. But you didn't. I won't forget that, Gar. Come on, let's go. The Chinaman otta give me a dime on this mirror, and we'll shoot the numbers." They strolled down the street to a small gambling house and found that the Chinaman would advance nothing. So Snort replaced the mirror in his pocket and went home.

The following day Gar, as usual, was ahead of time. Snort came down to the wharf with him and insisted on seeing for himself that everything was in right order. He gave the two diving suits a last-minute but thorough inspection, oiled and polished up the engine, and fidgeted generally. He wanted to go along in the boat, but the Greek said, no, five in the boat was as many as he intended taking, and he had that already.

"You go get that girl belongs to the mirror," advised Gar, "and when I come back you can take her to dinner," and with a parting smile over his shoulder, he headed the boat out toward the clean water beyond Monterey.

It was a sparkling blue day with a light wind ruffling the water. Above the white sand dunes of Asilomar the hills were covered with dark pine making a loneliness almost as absolute as the sea. Gar's eyes swept away to the horizon where a pearly fog bank menaced the fairness of the day. He had given the Greek and his companions but a cursory glance when they boarded the boat. They were a swart looking lot. He had seen their counterpart in the dives of many seaport towns, and they were neither better nor worse than some of the faces on Cannery Row. The Greek had exchanged his fine attire of the night before for dungarees and a gray singlet which was open at the neck and showed a chest covered with black hair. He had the thick, forward-sloping shoulders that indicate great strength, and a low, receding forehead that might indicate anything. His three companions seemed cut from a similar pattern, although palpably of inferior physique and intelligence. While Gar would never voluntarily have chosen them for companions he accepted them as part of the job, and was filled with satisfaction to observe they were all men of strength. That they fell short of Nordic standards of beauty was in itself no reason to distrust them. Certainly there was nothing amiss about abalone fishing. Even with the restrictions placed on the abalone catch the annual landings at Monterey were well over three million pounds. There had been rumors from time to time of massive pearls found in abalone up to the value of one thousand dollars each, and Gar wondered if some of these stories were not responsible for the present expedition. The Greeks did not look like credulous men, but no doubt many of the things that happened in America were to them even more strange than the fabulous pearls found in abalones. As they sat apart from him jabbering in their own tongue, Gar turned his attention from them, and let his thought range over the seas he was cutting through—the school of young sea lions keeping pace with him on his left, the few whales spouting seaward, a faint trail of smoke which might be the Coast Guard cutter.

The Greek directed him to pull up inside the cove at Point Lobos. It was the nearest abalone ground. Pre-



vious to 1915 when protective legislation did away with the practice, Chinese and Japanese had canned and dried great quantities of abalone meat here, which was all shipped to China. Until stopped, they were in a fair way to denude the Coast of these mollusks. The cannery buildings at Point Lobos, although abandoned at that time, are still standing, and it was in the lee of these buildings that the boat dropped anchor. The water went down abruptly to over sixty feet here, a clean heavy sapphire, darkened in places with growths of kelp. It was a quiet spot. On three sides was the isolation of Point Lobos State Park. On the fourth side were the cypress covered rocks of the Point, extending far seaward, and protecting the cove from rough water.

From the way that the men took control of the boat and laid out his gear Gar realized that they were all trained seamen as well as being thoroughly familiar with diving. This was a considerable relief to him, for Snort had been correct when he stated that a diver is as good as his tender. He found out that two of the men had had actual diving experience, and he asked the Greek why, in view of this, he had needed to hire another man.

"They're shot for diving," said the Greek. "Bum kidneys, busted lungs, punk hearts. They're done for." Gar accepted this statement, although he failed to see any of the outward symptoms of the interior wreckage. Divers have to be physically sound, with the high resistance that comes from normal vessels and unimpaired organs, and Gar knew it is safer to be over-careful in this respect. That these men were aware of the hazards of diving gave him a higher regard for them, and the easy precision with which they adjusted the weighted gear on him increased his confidence and satisfaction, and he knew he was not going to miss his own tender, Snort. There were times, Gar remembered, when Snort exaggerated his importance as tender, and perhaps it was just as well to have left him behind for once. A diver's life may be in the hands of the man tending him, but the custody of life is a responsibility common to others, too—to the doctor, the air pilot, the pharmacist—who all seem to accept it without the swagger that Snort at times displayed. "So it's for his own good that he's home today," concluded Gar, coming up out of the depth of his thought to listen to what the Greek was saying to him. Gar was standing on the ladder ready to have his helmet bolted down. He was so heavily encumbered with weights on his chest, on his belt, on his boots, that he could not move unassisted. The abalone basket with the pry bar in it was slung on his arm, and his diver's knife was screwed down on his belt, and Gar was taking his last, deep breath of sweet, sun-warmed air, scented here, so close inshore were they, with the land smells of yerba buena and pine sap.

"I have a word for you," said the Greek. "I've left it for the last, because the last is what you'll remember best. So I'll need to say it only once. There's something below more than abalones. Listen hard. When you touch bottom you'll circle. There's five boxes sunk off this spot—five lead boxes. Being they was sunk not long since, and that it's rocky bottom, they'll neither have drifted nor be sanded in. Your chances on coming up again depend on you finding them boxes. You'll send them up one at a time, and when you put one of them in the basket you'll cover it over with abalone, so it will look like all abalones and no box. Got that?"

Gar looked from the Greek to the other three men before answering, and studying their lowering, unfriendly faces his heart sank as heavily as if weights had been placed on it, too.

"Okay," he said evenly. "If the boxes are there I'll send them up. Why wouldn't I?"

"Never mind why you wouldn't. I'm just telling you," warned the Greek. "And the boxes are there—make no mistake about that."

The helmet was bolted down. The tender gave it the regulation tap to let him know everything was all right, and Gar grabbed his descending line and threw himself clear of the ladder into the water. It closed over him.

This deep-water cove by the abandoned abalone can-

neries sheer down in the lee of the most picturesque headland on the California coast, and one of the loneliest. Seaward it is lashed by a pounding surf that has cut so deeply into the coast that at high tides segments of the cypress forests are entirely separated from the mainland. Boats passing here keep far out to sea, and it is only the abalone fishermen that come into the quiet water. Although Point Lobos has recently been made a State Park the building of paved roads and trails within it as well as other features to attract picnic parties has been so bitterly opposed by the resident artists of the Monterey Peninsula that so far it has been left untouched, and its rugged isolation unimpaired. A solitary fisherman or artist, each wrapt in his own abstraction, is occasionally encountered, but always farther seaward than the old cannery buildings.

Gar came down on rocky bottom—a jagged, uneven bottom as broken and irregular as the indented coast above him. It was, however, good abalone ground, for abalone attain their largest size on the rocks and gravel slopes near the kelp beds, the great macrocystis forests of the sea floor. There was a richness of growth here that assured abundant life. The light was at its best, a translucent blue without shadow. Red and bronze algae waved from the black rocks, and patches of glistening white sand filled up the gaps between them. The silver blobs of small fish glided around Gar, weaving through the short stands of pink and white corals, and avoiding the undulating petals of cream and purple and rose colored sea anemones that reached out hungrily for them.

Underseas is not always so beautiful. Much of Gar's work was confined to the muddy bottom off the Monterey fish canneries with their accumulation of muck and fish refuse and consequent dark, clouded water, and the beauty of color and form that he found here acted like a balm on his perturbation. He tried to clean his mind of the confusion of topside danger, and started to circle the weight at the end of his distance line. The pressure of the water at sixty feet was not excessive, and the air coming down to him was cool and fresh and gauged to his depth by the practiced hand of a skilled tender. He had been told to find the boxes, and find (Continued on page 42)

*He was trapped. With his wind slowed up by long pressure, he felt himself stiffening in his suit as if he were already turning into a corpse*

RM





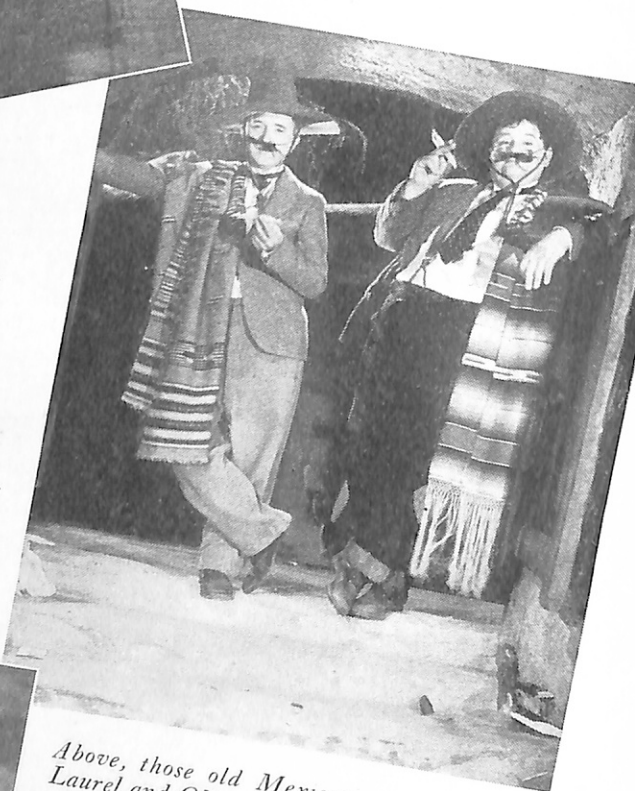


Above: Anita Louise, George Brent and Charles Winninger in "The Go Getter," a Warner Brothers drama in which Mr. Brent goes to great lengths and gets practically anything he goes out for. Miss Louise is suitably lovely, and Mr. Winninger is properly lovable

Below, in an ugly brawl, are Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea in "Woman Chases Man," a film in which an impoverished Miss Hopkins chases a wealthy Mr. McCrea through many feet of film. Her efforts, we are happy to report, are crowned with success. Miss Hopkins is charming throughout and Mr. McCrea is tall and slim-waisted



Guy Kibbee, above, finds himself in one of many unenviable situations in "All Is Confusion," one of those small-town comedies featuring Joe E. Brown and Florence Rice



Above, those old Mexican vaqueros, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, cover themselves with glory and custard pie in their current work of art, "Pick a Star." The frustrated Senor Laurel and the futile Don Hardy provide an old-fashioned, out and out comedy with no subtleties. In a complex day of double features and British films, this Department could do with considerably more of this sort of thing

Below, Edward Arnold, enjoying the ticker tape, is seen in a shot from "The Toast of New York," in which he and Frances Farmer relive the famous love story of Jim Fisk and Josie Mansfield, and their fancy financial dealings with Cornelius Vanderbilt. Recommended is a scene when Arnold routs his enemies with a fire hose in a hotel. Everything gets quite wet

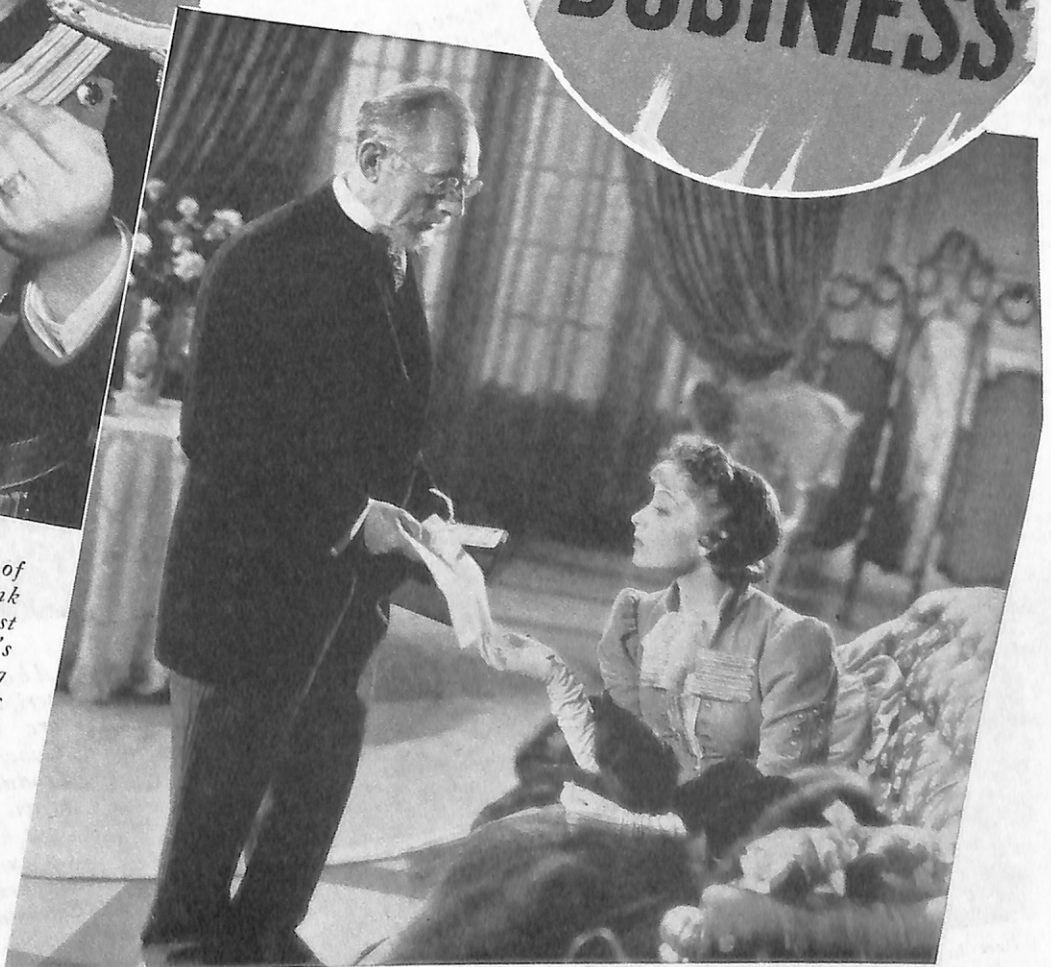


The Booby Hatch Boys, Chico, Harpo and Groucho Marx, are, left, mysteriously engaged in looking a horse in the mouth in one of those nightmare films they are so fond of losing on a public, defenseless and easily moved to laughter. "A Day at the Races" is the significant title of the latest perpetration of the Marx Brothers, and the initiated will flinch at the mere thought of what the zanies could do with a racetrack

# Show BUSINESS



Left: A beautiful still of Luise Rainer and Frank Reicher in M-G-M's latest spy film, "The Emperor's Candlesticks," also starring William Powell. Miss Rainer is gracious, able and lovely to look upon and Mr. Powell gives his usual deft, humorous performance in an exciting and colorful photoplay. We always say there's nothing like a good spy story, with plenty of prisons in it and mysterious veiled Countesses running around loose







Above is Joe Penner, the bughouse comedian who has done so well in films, radio and in person, photographed with Vera Marsh. The Penner brand of gags can be heard any Sunday evening in June at six. Miss Marsh, she sings and says dialogue with the duck man

Below is a shot of Edgar Bergen and his pal, Charley McCarthy, whose asinine conversations have brought a surprising response from listeners to the *WEAF* program which is broadcast each Sunday evening from 8 to 9 P. M. The response to the program is surprising because the appeal of a ventriloquist and his dummy is largely visual, and yet Bergen and Charley, who always gets the last laugh, have definitely clicked with the public



William Haussler



Below are Cecil B. DeMille, the movie man, and the announcer on the big *WABC* program, Dan Seymour, snapped at a broadcast one Monday at nine P.M.



Bert Lawson

Below is the Babe, George Herman Ruth, whose current broadcasts on baseball events and his introduction of other luminaries of the Diamond as guest stars have filled a long-felt want of the baseball fans. The program has become pretty well entrenched as a Wednesday night feature of the CBS



Bert Lawson

Above, going over the script before broadcasting are Grace Moore, the Canary, and Tony Sanford, production man on the program. The Canary's brilliant high notes, abetted by Lopez and band, can be plucked out of the ether on Saturdays at nine, CBS

# What America Is Reading

## Highlights in New Books

Reported by Harry Hansen



**GLADYS HASTY CARROLL** wrote "As the Earth Turns," and that fine novel, in which nature and life are happily interwoven, has been the forerunner for any number of novels about the virtues of the soil. Her latest novel, "Neighbor to the Sky," goes beyond the bounds of her favorite state, Maine, and describes the fortunes of two people who are affected by the modern forms of university education.

Luke Gilman was a good carpenter, a man of common sense and integrity when Margery Lee, the school teacher who had ambitions, stirred him up and made him fall in love with her. She turned his thoughts to teaching and with her encouragement he became a teacher of manual training in a high school, and later broadened his capacities by studying at Harvard and Columbia. But just as Luke developed in education, so Margery became more interested in the family hearth.

Their superlative adventure came when Luke Gilman received an appointment on the faculty of a midwestern university and was asked by the president to direct a research division in educational psychology, endowed by a great foundation. Here

*Richard Connell and his ghosting dummy putting the finishing touches on the manuscript of WHAT HO!, a novel which Putnam's publish. The moving picture rights of WHAT HO! have been sold to Major Pictures. Gary Cooper will play the lead.*

Luke, who had a genius for teaching, found himself directing endless and useless research. Throughout the university were other professors, hampered in their wish to seek the individual goals their abilities called for, handicapped by the ambitions of the president, the administration and the system. Margery, in turn, found out what pressure can be exerted by faculty women "immediately she found herself unwilling and unable to turn freely with the faculty wheel it began to turn against her." Here is an important controversy in American education and this is the first time I have encountered it in a novel. Mrs. Carroll should know something about it, just as she knows Maine from personal residence, for she is the wife of a professor of educational psychology and formerly lived in a midwestern university city. But her book is essentially a story

about the lives of two highly interesting Americans and not an educational tract, and it leaves you with the feeling that the homely farm virtues of Luke Gilman had much to do with keeping his course even and his character steadfast and honorable. (Macmillan, \$2.50)

### A LIVELY NOVEL ABOUT WASHINGTON

**T**HERE may be a New Deal in Washington, but the wires are being pulled in the same old way, according to Marquis W. Childs, whose lively, entertaining and somewhat cynical novel is called "Washington Calling!" The story revolves around the efforts of an ex-senator, who now makes a living getting things done in the dark, to plant an interested judge on the federal bench, so that two brothers owning a great railway system may get one of their railroads out of hock with federal money.

Charley Squires is the ex-senator, and his chief concern now is security for his old age and for his 27-year old daughter, Darnell. The Esterbrook brothers think he can be valuable, for unless they tap the Financial Rehabilitation Authority for \$64,000,000 they will lose the Green Valley & Pacific Railroad. But putting a judge over isn't easy. There are a few honest men left in Washington, among them the senior senator from Squire's old state, Senator Mayne, who "stands like a monolith" and fights for integrity.

Readers will be interested in the portrait of the President, John Winthrop, who brought the New Age to the country. He is much too busy to bother with the appointment in question, for one reason because he has to watch so many other causes. His good humor, his expansiveness, his cheerful raillery make everyone feel good—even the man who came to make the appeal, and who gets no results whatever.

Washington news has long been first-rate stuff; but our novelists have a way of looking to Europe for intrigue and plotting. Yet there's a big kettle of it right under their noses in Washington—and Marquis W. Childs is one of the few to make use of it. (William Morrow & Co., \$2.50)

### NEW NOVELS FOR JUNE READING

**MILLEN BRAND**, a 30-year old office employe of the New York Telephone Company, writes his first novel in "The Outward Room" and wins wide acclaim. This story, excellently written, tells how a woman whose mind has been unhinged by seeing the death of her brother in an accident, escapes from a sanitarium, tries to get a job in New York, and eventually beats back to normal living in an experience described with sensitivity and insight. (Simon & Schuster, \$1.25)

"The Ring is Closed" by Knut Hamsun, is supposed to sum up the  
(Continued on page 48)



ONE of the things I can remember Old Doc Rebel saying was, "One man's meat is another man's poison." After he said that, Doc would lean his chair back against the front end of Billy May's Livery Stable, and knock the ashes off his cigar on to his vest. Then he would tell the story of Yancey Dean.

It is a well known fact that if you give a hillman a few supplies, a few tools, a rifle and some ammunition he can go out and stay in the hills until hell freezes over, in perfect comfort and contentment. And it is a well known fact also that if he does not want to be disturbed out in those hills he can make it exceedingly tough on anyone who tries to find him. Those were the things Yancey Dean figured on when he shot Henry Schrieber.

Yancey was a hillman. He looked, and talked, and dressed like a hillman. He was six feet and four inches tall, and lanky and awkward. He never used two words where one word would do the job, and you could tell him for what he was just by looking at him. He had been born in the hills, and brought up in the hills, and he lived in the hills.

He knew the country up around the headwaters of Singing River better than most people in our town knew the geography of their front yards. It was Yancey's stamping grounds and practically his personal property by right of sole occupancy. He spent his time up there trapping, and running horses, and hunting and fishing, and doing nothing at all when the spirit moved him in that direction. He was a hermit for at least ten months out of the year and the only time the town saw him was on rare occasions when someone would accidentally run across his camp in the hills and offer him cash for a horse or some furs that he hap-

pened to have at the time. It was the money that drew Yancey into town, because money to him was something to be spent as expeditiously as possible. The mere possession of wealth stirred up no feelings of avarice in his soul, and the only way he could measure its value was in terms of staple groceries, rifle cartridges, and bad whiskey. At those odd moments when he had cash he would come to town, buy what supplies he needed, get drunk, stay drunk as long as the money lasted, and then light out for the hills again.

It was one of those accidental trades that started the feud with Henry Schrieber. They made a deal on some horses and Henry beat Yancey out of a hundred dollars by some shrewd trading. It wasn't the money so much, Yancey maintained, that annoyed him; it was the principle of the thing. Anyway, he swore he'd shoot Henry for it.

He did, too, finally. But he had certain things to do first.

A smart man, Yancey, in his own way, and a deliberate one. Some folks would either have settled the whole thing right then and there, or forgotten about it later; but not Yancey. It took him a year to do what he wanted to do. It took him a year to pack all the things he needed back into the hills. But by the time Spring came he had his preparations made.

According to Old Doc Rebel, Henry Schrieber always drove in from the farm to lodge meetings on Thursday nights, and he usually came home more than a little drunk, sitting up on the seat of the buckboard and scaring the horses to death with his singing.

It was a fine, moonlight night, Old Doc would say, when Yancey waited for him. Yancey heard him coming a half-mile away, and cocked his rifle, and got it trained

## ANOTHER MAN'S POISON



*Yancey took a bead on him, let his gun swing with the buckboard till he had Henry centered, and then squeezed off*

on the spot where he figured Henry would make the best target. The moon was as bright as day and it made it fine for shooting. When Henry came around the curve at Big Bend Yancey took a bead on him, let his gun swing with the buckboard till he had Henry centered, and then squeezed off.

Henry Schrieber never made a sound. The slug took him right between the eyes. The horses stopped when his hands dropped the reins, and they stood quietly while he doubled over like a sack of wheat and fell out face first over the left front wheel.

Yancey Dean buried him twenty yards off the road. He drove the buckboard up into the brush out of sight and unhitched the team and unharnessed them. He got his own horse out of the brush and hazed the team back into the hills for ten or twelve miles before he let them go. Then he headed for the tall and uncut.

He traveled for twenty-two days going in, and when he stopped he was so damned far from civilization that to all intents and purposes he might just as well have been on Mars. He found the cache of provisions he had made, and set about making himself comfortable and establishing a permanent residence. He felt no qualms about the killing and no regrets on leaving the company of his fellow man. Lacking money of any description he had no reason for ever going to town, and he was sure the law would never catch up with him if he stayed where he was.

By the time winter was due he was firmly established. He had a good, sound cabin with mud chinked walls, and a fireplace, and a sod roof, and puncheon floors. He had a root cellar stocked with supplies. He had all the game he could kill right at his front door, and all the fish he could catch, and out in back he had enough

wood corded up to last out the winter. To Yancey Dean it was complete. He looked forward to a long and happy life in his new home.

There was never any question in our town as to who had done the shooting, and there was never any effort expended in trying to find Yancey Dean. Henry Schrieber's horses came home the morning of the third day after the killing and the sheriff found Henry's body that afternoon. They gave him a decent burial and that was about all, because almost everybody felt about it the way Sheriff Buck Michaelson did. In the first place, Buck Michaelson said, he guessed maybe Henry had it coming to him. And in the second place there were some forty thousand square miles of back country out there where Yancey could hide and where Buck could never find him if he looked for years. And in the third place he figured that Yancey would never dare come out; and as far as he could see, all the state would do if they caught him would be to put him away for being a social menace and as long as Yancey stayed in the hills he certainly wasn't menacing society, there not being anybody living within two hundred miles of that country anyway.

"Buck was willing," Old Doc would say, "to do his duty and arrest Yancey if he ever come out of hiding, but he didn't plan on it none, figurin' the way all of us did that Yancey wouldn't ever come out."

It came as somewhat of a surprise, therefore, Old Doc Rebel would continue, when they caught Yancey Dean in the process of getting gloriously drunk in the Board of Trade Saloon over in Salt Lick. That was just six months after the shooting had taken place. Buck Michaelson went over and took him in custody and returned him to the county seat to be tried.

The trial lasted just one day. After that they built a scaffold out on the courthouse lawn, sent out printed invitations to the event, and, when the day arrived, they hanged Yancey Dean by the neck until he was thoroughly and completely dead.

It was a week or two later that people found out what had brought Yancey back to the haunts of man. It was, as Yancey himself described it, the damndest luck a man ever had. Just when he figured he wouldn't ever have the urge to go to town again because he didn't have any money and never expected to have any he discovered that the bed of the creek where he drew his water was loaded with free placer gold.

Yancey started panning it just to pass the time away and at the end of three months he had what he figured was between twelve and fifteen thousand dollars in gold dust. About that time he started thinking what he could do with it. He thought about it for three months more and at the end of that time he knew what he had to do. He just naturally had to spend it.

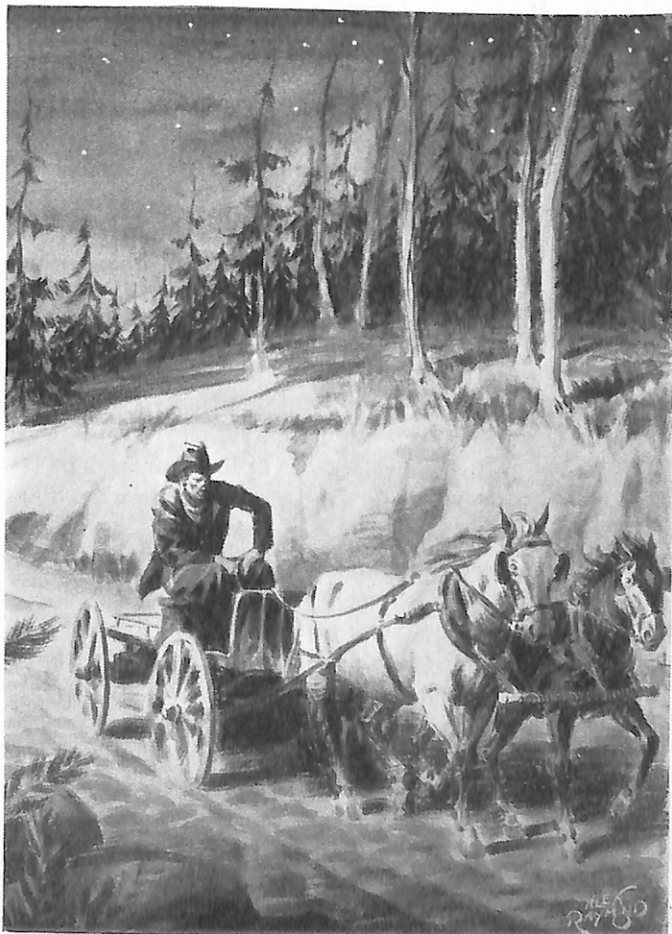
WHEN Old Doc Rebel got to the end of the story and told about the gold and the hanging he would always start laughing. He would tell it as often as ten times a week and he laughed just as hard every time he told it. He would lean farther back in his chair and close his eyes and laugh until his stomach shook.

It finally got so bad that people in our town said they couldn't see anything funny in a man's being hanged, and that Doc was just a fat, vulgar old man. But Old Doc kept on telling the story of Yancey Dean. He told it to strangers mostly because nobody else would listen and he always laughed at the end. After he got through laughing he would get out of his chair and walk down the street chuckling to himself. He would walk about two blocks and then he'd stand out in the street looking up at the front of his store. There was a big sign up above that said, REBEL MERCANTILE CO., and below that was a sign that said, GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, PACK OUTFITS, AND MINING SUPPLIES.

People are funny about gold. For a long time we used to average about fifteen or twenty parties of strangers a year in our town. They always organized right there to go back in the Singing River country, prospecting. And they always bought their outfits complete from Old Doc Rebel. Old Doc was a pretty rich man when he died.

## By D. D. Beauchamp

*Illustrated by Alex Raymond*







*Decorations by F. R. Gruger*

## EDITORIAL

### THE MARCH OF TIME

**W**HETHER you are rolling along in your automobile at from forty to eighty miles per hour to the Grand Lodge Session next month, or whether you are journeying at a hundred miles per hour in a streamline train, or whether you are really in a hurry and are splitting the upper air strata at two hundred miles per hour or even at greater speed, you may be interested in contemplating the fact that the first passenger train to reach Denver was on the 22nd of this month (June) in 1870.

What changes have been wrought in that wide expanse of country called "The West" and in the metropolis to which you are journeying since that day when the Iron Horse pranced across the prairies and proudly discharged its first cargo of human freight in what was to become the capital of a great State!

What a contrast between the speed of that passenger train making eighteen or twenty miles per hour and the speed at which you are traveling in the year 1937!

What a contrast between the Order of Elks as it existed in 1870 and as it exists today!

Then the Order had only one Lodge with a small group of members. Today it has some fifteen hundred Lodges and more than half a million members.

If we had had a Grand Lodge in 1870 and if it had then met in Denver, the entire membership of the Order could easily have been accommodated in the hostleries of that

typical prairie outpost town of less than five thousand inhabitants, and could have assembled, with space to spare, in a mere shack on the banks of Cherry Creek serving as a town hall instead of the magnificent Auditorium in which we will assemble next month.

Yes, the past sixty-seven years have witnessed developments which would have staggered the most vivid imagination of those days. The door to the Great West, opened early in the nineteenth century by the Lewis-Clark Expedition to exploration and exploitation, has been flung wide. The mere outpost settlement called Denver seventy years ago has developed into a splendid city of four hundred thousand inhabitants. Speed has almost eliminated time and distance in travel. Figuratively, almost literally, the mountains have been leveled and a land of waste and desert has been made to blossom as the rose. An Order which existed as a mere dream of fraternity among men has developed into a practical reality—a great brotherhood sending forth its benign and humanizing influence from more than a thousand centers throughout the length and breadth of the land.

### AN ADDITION TO THE NATIONAL HOME

**A**T Bedford, Virginia, our Order maintains a National Home for aged and infirm brother Elks. As planned and conducted, it is in truth and in fact a home, as distinguished from a mere institution.

It is nearly, but not quite, perfect in all of its appointments. The one thing lacking is an assembly hall of sufficient size to accommodate the residents when they assemble for lectures, musical programs, moving pictures and other forms of entertainment from time to time provided for their enjoyment.

This much needed addition to the facilities of the Home probably will soon be provided by a brother Elk who is now considering erecting and furnishing at his own expense and presenting to the Order with his compliments a modern,



up-to-date theater matching architecturally the other Home structures and of ample size to accommodate all residents.

In our news column we hope at no distant date to record the fact that this happy thought has been translated into an actual structure both ornamental and useful and to give the name of the rather modest and retiring Brother who conceived the idea, formulated the plan, and carried it forward to practical realization.

#### AN IMPORTANT DISCUSSION

**T**HE polemic discussion regarding the Supreme Court and the Constitution of the United States which has been broadcast in the public prints and over the radio will prove to be of immeasurable public good wholly regardless of the outcome of the agitation for change.

All of us have been prone to accept the Constitution and the Supreme Court as institutions handed down to us as a part of our science of government, giving little or no thought as to how or why they came into existence. Many of these addresses have been most carefully thought out and are of great educational value, being replete with references to outstanding historical events with which many of us are not as familiar as we should be. Both men and women who have never even read the Constitution talk glibly about it. This applies to many who claim to be and who ought in fact to be well informed. And it applies to a host of others who make no such claim and who blandly admit their lack of knowledge. These observations are pertinent also to the Supreme Court as an institution. Of course, it is generally understood that it fits somewhere and somehow into our economy of government, but that is too often the sum total of knowledge regarding it.

These public addresses both pro and con should and, it seems to us, of necessity must kindle interest in the history of the colonies, the history of the making of the Constitution, the history of our judicial system and the early history of the States as with halting steps they more or less

staggered into what has developed into the United States—the most powerful and prosperous nation in the world.

Regardless of all things else, if the discussion has this effect, it will not have been in vain, and all of us will be more intelligent in loyalty to our beloved country and in our patriotic devotion to its flag.

#### PRACTICAL CHARITY

**C**HARITY, the cardinal virtue of the Order of Elks, manifests itself in many ways and in a multitude of activities. The Ritual classifies charity as of thought, word and deed. Not to minimize the importance of the other two, the charity of deed is perhaps the most practical and helpful.

Daily, human lives are being saved by blood transfusions. Those willing to part with some of their blood supply for this use are known as donors. Many hospitals have donors subject to call who are paid for each transfusion. While the price varies, \$15.00 has become fairly standard. Often many transfusions are necessary to save a life, and poor persons are unable to meet this expense.

In some cities there are volunteer donors who without compensation, other than the satisfaction of having rendered aid to some poor unfortunate, give their blood for transfusion where the patient is unable to pay. We can think of no more practical and helpful "charity of deed."

Every Elks Lodge has young, vigorous men who would be more than willing occasionally to become volunteer donors in charity cases if the need was only called to their attention. We take the liberty of suggesting to the chairman of the standing Committee on Sickness and Distress that this opportunity for a very practical charity be not overlooked or disregarded. By contacting hospitals he can learn of the demand and can be advised as to the tests necessary to match the type of blood of the patient by that of the donor. He will then be in position to make an intelligent report to his Lodge and call for volunteers.



# UNDER THE ANTLERS

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



*Those who attended the Annual  
Banquet of York, Pa., Lodge*

### *N.E. District Lodges of New York Hold Spring Meeting at Cohoes*

The Spring Regional Meeting of the Lodges of the New York Northeast District was held on Sunday afternoon, May 2, at the Home of Cohoes Lodge, No. 1317, with approximately 600 Elks present. E.R. Joseph Curtain presided at the opening ceremonies and then introduced State Vice-Pres. Frank C. Fowler of Hudson Lodge who took over the meeting. Each Lodge of the District furnished one or more of the 41 candidates who were initiated. Cohoes Lodge supplied the greatest number. Esq. John J. Sweeney of Troy Lodge assisted in the initiation. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough Lodge was the principal speaker and his talk made a fine impression on the new members. State Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan of Saratoga also welcomed them into the Order.

The State Association was represented by Mr. Roohan, Past Pres.s William T. Phillips, Grand Trustee, and Daniel A. Kerr, of New York Lodge No. 1, Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Troy, George W. Denton, Gloversville, and Secy. Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls, and Trustee Peter A. Buchheim, Albany. D.D. Michael J. Degnan, of Hudson, P.D.D.s William A. Wolff, Rome, Henry S. Kahn, Cohoes, Edward A. McCaffrey, Amsterdam, Robert J. Walsh, Schenectady, and Francis G. Roddy, Troy, and many present and past officers of the District Lodges were present.

resented by Mr. Roohan, Past Pres.s William T. Phillips, Grand Trustee, and Daniel A. Kerr, of New York Lodge No. 1, Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Troy, George W. Denton, Gloversville, and Secy. Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls, and Trustee Peter A. Buchheim, Albany. D.D. Michael J. Degnan, of Hudson, P.D.D.s William A. Wolff, Rome, Henry S. Kahn, Cohoes, Edward A. McCaffrey, Amsterdam, Robert J. Walsh, Schenectady, and Francis G. Roddy, Troy, and many present and past officers of the District Lodges were present.

### *Fourth Annual Ritualistic Contest Held in Vermont State Armory*

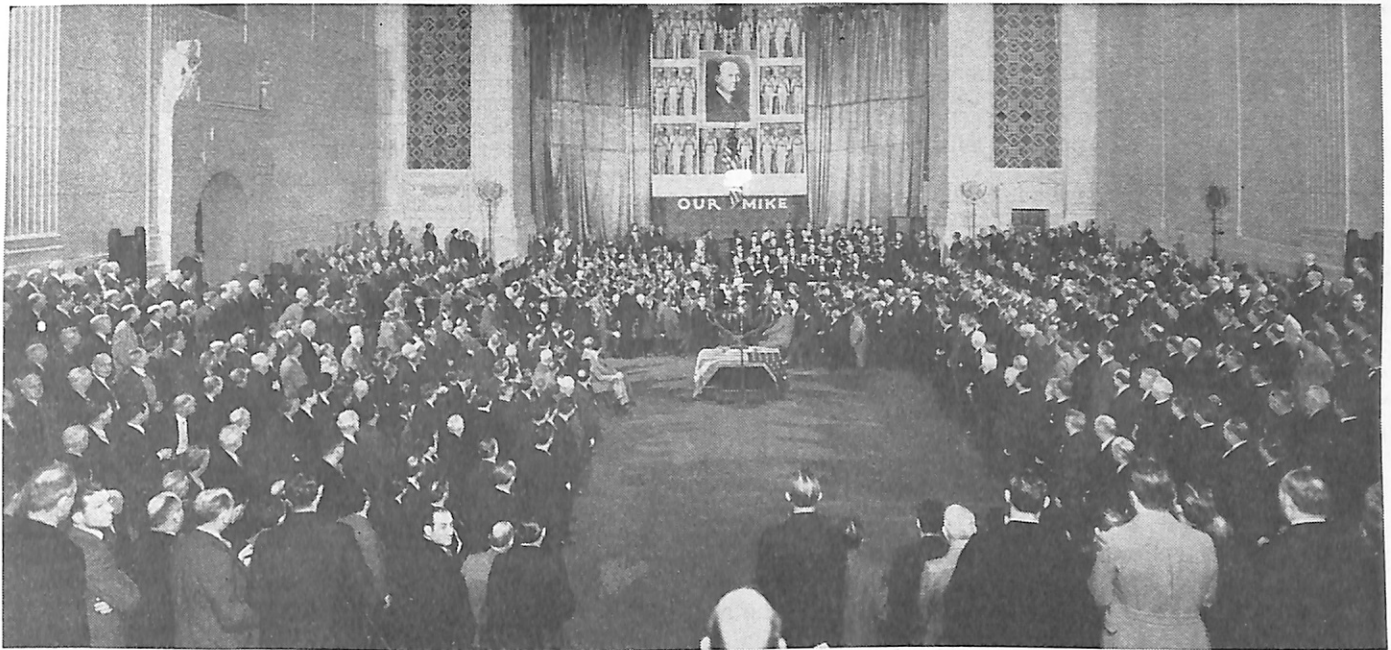
The State Armory in Montpelier, Vermont, was the scene this Spring of the Fourth Annual Elks Ritualistic Contest for the Bowers Cup in which Burlington, Barre and Brattleboro, Vt., Lodges participated. The program opened with a banquet at the Pavilion Hotel at 1 P.M.

There was no speaking program, but Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, the donor of the Trophy, was presented with a basket of flowers by Brattleboro Lodge and responded with an expression of his appreciation. The ritualistic work was splendidly exemplified. As the Judges desired to study the markings of the contestants, the winning Lodge was not named at that time.

The Judges were E. Mark Sullivan of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum; George A. Hammond, Everett,

*Below: Candidates, reinstatements and prominent Elks of Richmond, Ky., Lodge who recently honored the Grand Exalted Ruler with an initiation*





*The Lodge Room of Los Angeles Lodge as it looked on "Michael F. Shannon Night"*

Mass., Lodge, Chairman and Auditor of the Finance Commission of the S. E. District of Mass., and P.D.D. Ivan D. Servais of Concord, Mass., Lodge, P.D.D. Harry E. Gleason, Brookline, and P.E.R. William P. Hogan, Bennington, Vice-Pres. of the Vermont State Elks Assn., acted as Checks. P.D.D. John T. Nelson, Barre Lodge, Chairman of the State Elks Ritualistic Committee, presided over the Contest. The other members of the Committee, Past State Pres. Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, and P.E.R. Harold J. Arthur, Burlington Lodge, were present. John F. Burke, Boston Lodge, Pres. of the

*Below: Many Freeport, N. Y., Elks attended the Lodge's 25th Anniversary Banquet*

### State Association Convention Dates for 1937

ASSOCIATION	CITY	DATE
Indiana	Logansport	June 1-2-3
Illinois	Danville	June 4-5-6
Michigan	Traverse City	June 4-5-6
Missouri	Washington	June 5-6-7
Iowa	Davenport	June 6-7-8
Alabama	Florence	June 6-7-8
New York	Troy	June 6-7-8-9
North Dakota	Jamestown	June 7-8
New Jersey	Newark	June 19-20
Massachusetts	Gloucester	June 19-20-21
Rhode Island	Westerly	June 20
Connecticut	Waterbury	June 26
South Dakota	Deadwood	July 11-12
Colorado	Denver	July 12
Montana	Red Lodge "Beartooth"	July 22-23-24
Washington	Bellingham	July 30-31 (not definite)
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia	Cumberland	August 2-3-4
Pennsylvania	Lancaster	August 22-23- 24-25-26
Wisconsin	Madison	Aug. 26-27-28
Minnesota	International Falls	August*
Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	August*
Nevada	Ely	Sept. 3-4-5
Vermont	Montpelier	October 3
Nebraska	Hastings	Fall*

\* Date not yet decided

Mass. State Elks Assn., and Mr. Sullivan were the principal speakers. Delegations of Vermont Elks were present from St. Johnsbury, Burlington, Barre, Brattleboro, White River Junction, Rutland and Bennington.

### *Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Secretary Honored on "Old Timers' Night"*

The annual reunion of pioneer members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, filled the Lodge room with scores of those who have held membership cards for many years, as well as hundreds of newer members and visiting Elks. E.R. Owen O. Keown and his officers arranged the "Old Timers' Night" and kept a secret, until the presentation was made, the fact that a handsome traveling bag was to be given the guest of honor—Secy. Thomas Robinson. Mr. Robinson is a native of Pennsylvania. He was initiated into Santa Monica Lodge in 1913 and has served in all the Chairs. During





his administration as Exalted Ruler he initiated the largest class and had the largest number of new membership enrollments—552—in the Lodge's history. He is one of the most widely known and popular Elks in California.

Immediately after he had called the meeting to order, the Exalted Ruler requested Mr. Robinson to conduct the session. "Old-Timers" who assisted him were P.E.R.s Clyde W. Holbrook and Thurlo Adams, George Garrett, Jack Henry, Walter Perry, Ray Pendleton, Dr. L. L. Meisenheimer, Sam Crawford, Walter H. Jenkins, Bert Carter, Harry Wearne, Dr. W. A. Lady and Bert McCoy. Other Past Exalted Rulers in attendance were H. W. Brown, J. B. O'Neil, Arthur C. Verge, Eugene W. Biscailuz, Thomas Higgins, Jr., and James J. McCarthy. On behalf of the Lodge Mr. Biscailuz presented Mr. Robinson with the traveling bag, expressing the affection and appreciation felt for him by the membership. Mr. Brown made the presentation of a huge bouquet to be taken home to Mrs. Robinson.

Los Angeles, Monrovia, San Pedro and Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodges were represented by groups of officers. Old members of Santa Monica Lodge who were present included many visiting from New York City, Pennsylvania, Colorado, and many scattered cities in California. Mr. Robinson delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. A banquet was served during which special entertainment

Sunday at 10 A. M. D.D. John J. L. Miller of East Chicago Lodge, Pres. of the Assn., responded to the welcoming address made by the Mayor of Goshen. Among the distinguished Elks introduced were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, State Pres. A. Gordon Taylor of La Porte, State Treas. L. E. Yoder, Goshen, and State Trustee R. J. Stetter of Fort Wayne. Past State Pres. Clyde Hunter of Gary gave the eulogy in a short ceremony held for the late P.D.D. Abe Ottenheimer of East Chicago Lodge, who was the first President of the North Dist. Assn. Mr. Ottenheimer passed away on Feb. 21. Mr. Miller presented a compiled report of all the Lodges of the District for the past Lodge year, and individual reports were read and filed by the Secretaries of the District Lodges. A chicken dinner was served by Goshen Lodge.

During the afternoon session East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, performed the ritualistic work in an initiation for Goshen Lodge, after which a general forum discussion took place and Mr. Masters gave a highly instructive talk. The next meeting will be held at Valparaiso on the last Sunday in this coming October.

#### *Judge Corcoran, Distinguished York, Neb., Elk, Is Dead*

York, Neb., Lodge, No. 1024, lost one of its most valued members when P.E.R. George F. Corcoran,

former Assistant Attorney General, and Judge of the Fifth Judicial District of Nebraska, died in Omaha on April 13. He was 75 years of age. His widow, three daughters and a son survive.

Judge Corcoran had been a resident of Nebraska for 60 years. He was one of the most prominent Elks of the State and served the Grand Lodge in various important offices. He was District Deputy for Nebraska South in 1926-27, a member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee from 1927 to 1930, and Pardon Commissioner in 1930-31.

#### *Prominent Oklahoma Elks Address Meeting at Enid Lodge*

Discussion of State Association activities by prominent Oklahoma Elks was a feature of a recent meeting of Enid, Okla., Lodge, No. 870. Talks were made by Past State Pres. George M. McLean, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and State Pres. C. R. Donley and State Secy. John Diefenderfer, both of Woodward Lodge. The Enid officers, headed by W. H. Hills, E.R., were installed by P.E.R. J. G. Crowley in the presence of about 75 members.

#### *Comeback of Beloit, Wis., Lodge Effected in Record Time*

In one short month Beloit, Wis., Lodge, No. 864, made such a remarkable comeback that the recounting of it may be helpful to other Lodges. On March 1 the Exalted Ruler, Fred H. O'Neal, was visited by P.D.D. William M. Frasier, of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, acting as a Special Deputy of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The future of the Lodge appeared to be hopeless. As a result of the talk the Exalted Ruler called together a few of the "regulars." Twenty members met in

*Below: A tableau presented by the American Legion members of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge at its annual Feast of Nations Banquet. In the tableau are depicted the four branches of the Service and episodes of American history*



*Above: Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey, with South Orange, N. J., Lodge Elks at a reception they gave in his honor*

was presented by Sanford J. Mosk and the members of his committee.

#### *Goshen Lodge Entertains Indiana North District Elks Association*

Goshen, Ind., Lodge, No. 798, entertained the Indiana North District Elks Association on Saturday and Sunday, April 17-18, at its 20th semi-annual meeting. The first evening was given over to social festivities. The business session was held on



a conference with Mr. Frasor and Mr. O'Neal, and ways and means of saving the Lodge were decided upon. The first move was to secure new quarters. A committee was appointed and two days later it had secured a building off the main street and work was started to make it attractive and comfortable.

A program of activities that would attract the best people in the community was planned, and a selective membership campaign was begun. The first two days' work brought in over 70 names. The decision to limit the membership to a fixed number

*Below: A fine class of candidates initiated into Fergus Falls, Minn., Lodge*



was abandoned, as on March 31 it was found that the number of candidates exceeded the set limit by 25 and all were "hand-picked."

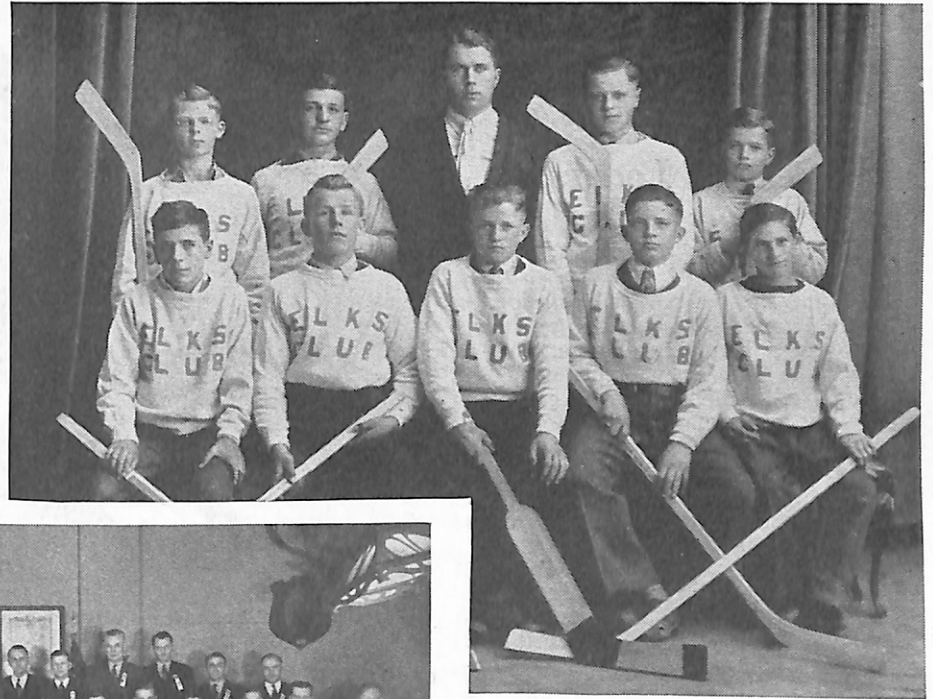
**Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge Host at Victory Banquet after Tournament**

Leominster, Clinton and Gardner, Mass., Elks were guests of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847, at the close of the indoor tournament in which the four Lodges had participated during February and March. While Leominster Lodge won the largest number of games, Clinton Lodge, No. 1306, scored the highest percentage of games, thereby winning the Tournament. The teams played matches of bridge, cribbage, pool, billiards, pitch, bid-whist, "45" and checkers.

Dr. Albert Levesque of Gardner Lodge acted on behalf of the Tournament Committee, of which he was Chairman, in presenting to Clinton Lodge the purse of money to be used for the purchase of station altars for the Clinton Lodge room. It was accepted by E.R. Peter N. Sonia, Chief of Police of Clinton. The affair was well attended. Leominster Lodge was represented by a delegation of 35.

**Hampton, Va., Lodge Observes 40th Birthday; Honors its Secretary**

Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, was 40 years old on St. Patrick's Day and



*Above: The Hockey Team of Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, which won the City Junior League Championship for 1936-37*

the members observed the occasion on March 18 by electing officers for the coming year and then treating themselves to a real birthday party. P.E.R. Thomas L. Sclater, veteran Secretary, celebrated his 40th year as an officer, having been the Lodge's first Est. Lect. Knight. He is a Past Exalted Ruler and a Past Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn., and was reelected Secretary at the birthday meeting for the 37th consecutive year. After the Lodge session, presided over by E.R. Macey M. Carmel, the ball room became the scene of activities where some of the best local talent on the Lower Peninsula appeared in songs, dances and other specialties. Three orchestras contributed to the enjoyment. The Refreshment Committee offered a special menu. The Committee on Arrangements was made up of P.E.R.s Percy Carmel and Capt. Roland D. Cock, J. W. Linsig and Harry Ginsberg.

Hampton Lodge celebrated Grand Exalted Ruler's Night recently and initiated a class which it designated the David Sholtz-Thomas L. Sclater Class. The evening was also observed as P.E.R.s Night.

**Havana Trip This Month for Chattanooga, Tenn., Elks Junior Band**

Fourteen years ago the Elks Junior Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, was organized. During that

time the various members of the Band have attended numerous Grand Lodge Conventions and made trips into Mexico and Canada.

On June 12 the boys will join nearly 200 Chattanooga citizens on a trip to Havana. The party will be under the personal direction of P.E.R. Mayor E. D. Bass, and will include P.E.R.s W. V. Turley, Henry E. Hobday, J. M. Payne and T. Pope Shepherd. At Tampa the travelers will be joined by a prominent Florida Elk, P.E.R. Harold Colee of St. Augustine Lodge, a Past Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., and former member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council. Col. Colee is President of the Florida Chamber of Commerce.

**Annual Homecoming Night Observed by Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge**

Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, was the speaker of the evening at the annual Homecoming Night held recently by Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge, No. 500. Three hundred members and former members "came home" to enjoy a revival of old times and old friendships. A chicken dinner was served at 6:30 and a business meeting was held during the Lodge session. An excellent financial report was read by Treas. Emil J. Torbeson, P.E.R. A feeling of satisfaction prevails in the Lodge because of its improved status both financially and socially and its return as a leader in the fraternal life of Valparaiso.

Attorney Edmund J. Freund was Master of Ceremonies. Refreshments were served and a social time was enjoyed after the meeting.

*(Continued on page 50)*



## This Section Contains Additional News of Central Lodges

### *Homecoming Night at Donaldsonville, La., Lodge a Real Reunion*

Donaldsonville, La., Lodge, No. 1153, has a beautiful Home, and a short time ago it was crowded to capacity with members who came to enjoy a joint class initiation and reunion on what was known as "Homecoming Night." E.R. J. Clarence LeBlanc presided and R. N. Sims, the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and one of its founders, now residing in New Orleans, officiated in the initiation ceremonies. Dr. Henry A. Folse, P.E.R., was Toastmaster and Mr. Sims delivered the principal address. Exalted Ruler-elect Norbert Delatte and all the Past Exalted Rulers present spoke briefly. A banquet was served in the spacious Stein Room of the Home.

### *Spring Conference of Ohio State Elks Assn. Held at Tiffin*

The Seventh Annual Spring Conference of the Ohio State Elks Association took place in Tiffin, O., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, April 23-24-25, and was one of the very largest and most successful ever held. Over 400 visiting Elks and about eighty ladies were registered. The Association was honored by the presence of Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Toledo, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, Grand Trustee Judge Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., Wade H. Kepner, Wheeling, W. Va., a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Charles Spencer Hart, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, who has been nominated by his Lodge, Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842, as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler at the coming Grand Lodge Reunion in Denver.

Mr. Hart was the principal speaker at the banquet on Saturday evening, bringing to the 250 Elks present an inspiring message and a program of action in which each and every one could proudly participate. P.D.D. Charles J. Schmidt, P.E.R. of the host Lodge, Tiffin No. 94, and second Vice-Pres. of the State Association, introduced Dr. McCormick who acted as Toastmaster. The State officers, District Deputies, Past State Presidents and other distinguished guests were individually introduced. E.R. X. Hassenplug welcomed the visitors

*Members of Donaldsonville, La., Lodge at a joint class initiation and reunion on Homecoming Night*



*Above: Grand Lodge officers and other prominent Elk officials who were present at a testimonial dinner to outgoing Exalted Ruler Irving Eisenman, given by Chicago Lodge No. 4*

on behalf of the Lodge. Mayor Charles S. Yingling presented the keys of the city during his address of welcome to which State Pres. Fred L. Bohn of Zanesville Lodge responded. Mr. Masters, Mr. Kepner and Judge Warner spoke briefly but constructively on the programs of the Grand Lodge and subordinate Lodges. The social session and fine entertainment provided later attracted a large crowd. The committee meetings were also held on Saturday. At this time the State Visitation Committee mapped out a complete program for May 20, on which night 42 Ohio Lodges visited 41 others of the State.

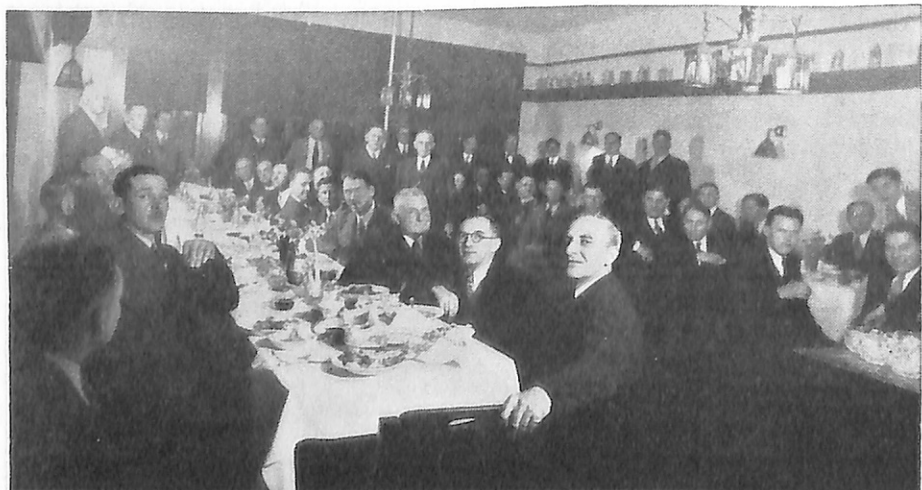
On Sunday at noon the business session of the Conference was called with 250 in attendance. With few exceptions every Lodge in the State was represented. At the close of the session the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Ohio held a meeting.

Occupying a place in the spotlight was the Elks Band of Columbus Lodge No. 37, which numbers 96 pieces and is perhaps the largest fraternal musical organization in the country. The Band arrived Saturday afternoon accompanied by a clown

band, and was a real sensation. On Sunday afternoon the Band's concert at the Court House Square was rendered before several thousand citizens and visiting Elks. The Hon. Nate McCoy, Jr., Assistant Treasurer of Ohio, is manager of the Band and it was through his efforts and endless work that the unit was organized and brought to Tiffin as a part of its traveling program. This will be the official band for the Ohio Elks at the Denver Convention.

Tiffin Lodge handled the meeting superbly and General Chairman Bernard Pohlabl and those who worked with him as Committee Chairmen and Committeemen came in for generous all-round praise.

The list of distinguished Elks in attendance included many besides those heretofore mentioned. Among

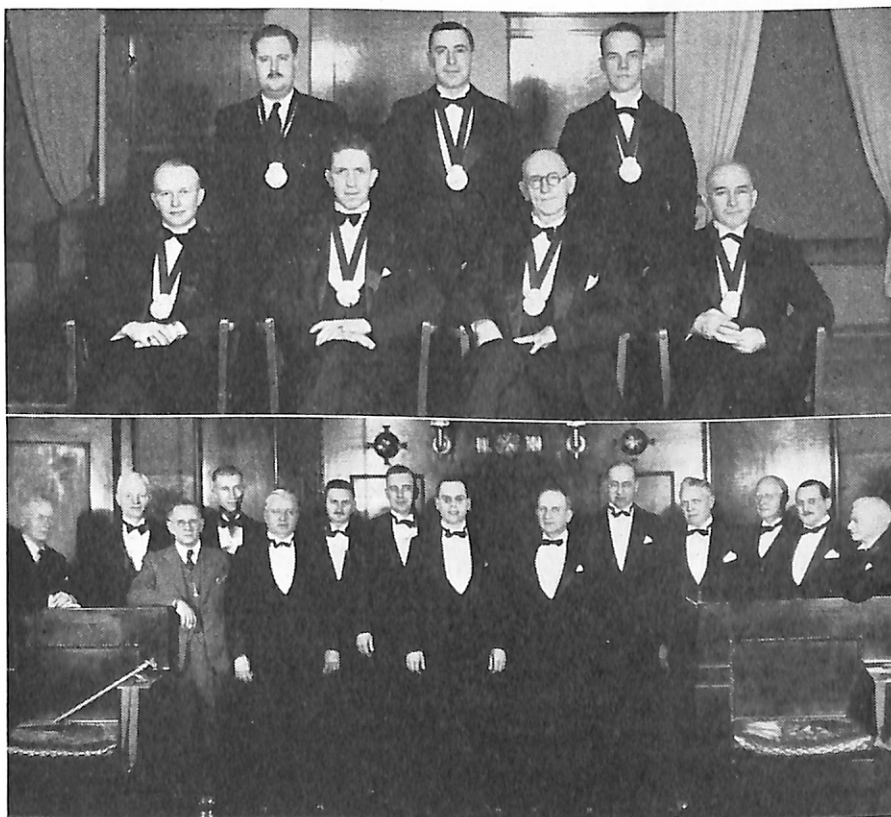


them were D.D.s Charles A. Michael, Bucyrus, N. Cent., Arthur R. Davis, Greenfield, S.W., E. B. LeSueur, Toledo, N.W., Charles F. Fast, Columbus, S. Cent., Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton, N.E.; Past Pres.s William H. Reinhart, Sandusky, A. Clyde Reasoner, Zanesville, James E. Breen, Ashtabula, George J. Doerzbach, Sandusky, J. F. Sherry, Bellaire, A. Bart Horton, Cincinnati, George A. Snyder, Fostoria, James R. Cooper, Newark, William G. Lambert, Cleveland, J. C. A. Leppelman, Toledo, Norman C. Parr, New Philadelphia, William F. Bruning, Cleveland, and C. W. Casselman, Alliance; the Hon. Charles Knisely, Treasurer of the State of Ohio, and the Hon.

the Esquire's drill team and a staff photographer. They made the trip in a special train. Mayor Frank Marxer and E.R. F. Roland Sargent headed the Saginaw reception committee at the station. Elks came from Detroit, Flint, Pontiac, Muskegon, Alma and Traverse City. Bay City Lodge was represented by E.R. B. J. Tally, P.D.D. Edward P. Greenwald, and about 20 members. Before the meeting a sauerkraut dinner was served for more than 300 under the supervision of the House Committee of Saginaw Lodge. Initiation ceremonies for the Grand Exalted Ruler's Anniversary Class were conducted by the officers of Alpena Lodge led by E.R. Herbert A. Kurrasch.

A special edition of the *Alpena News*, containing the pictures and a description of the pilgrimage, arrived at midnight and was distributed during the social session in the basement of the Saginaw Home.

*Below: The Degree Team of Athens, O., Lodge which recently initiated a class into Nelsonville, O., Lodge at a Visitation Night held at Nelsonville*



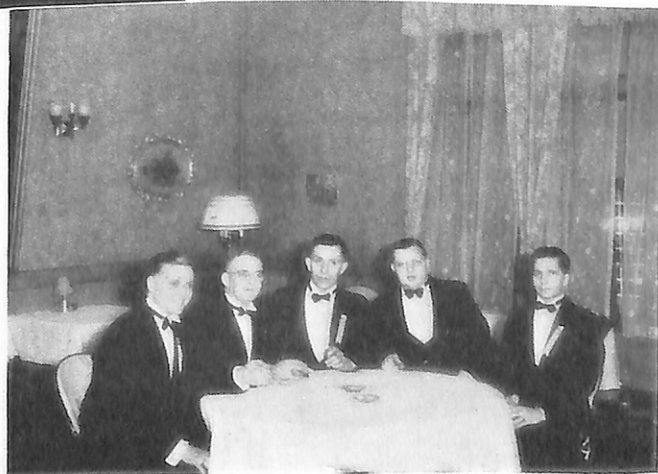
Ralph Sugru, Judge of the Common Pleas Court, Seneca County, Tiffin. R. A. Jurgens, of Dover Lodge, D.D. for Ohio, S.E., could not attend because of serious injuries which he received in a recent automobile accident. Over 100 Past Exalted Rulers and numerous Past District Deputies were present.

#### *Special Train Brings Alpena, Mich., Elks to Saginaw*

Honoring P.E.R. Joseph M. Leonard, D.D. for Mich., East, 100 Alpena, Mich., Elks visited Mr. Leonard's home Lodge, Saginaw, Mich., No. 47, bringing along the Lodge's 16-piece comic brass band,

*Above: Officers of Toledo, O., Lodge. P. E. R. Walter Rosengarten installed his son, Roy, as E. R., the first time in Toledo Lodge's 50 years of existence that this has happened*

*Officials of Alpena and Saginaw, Mich., Lodges, who were photographed at a recent joint meeting of the two bodies*



#### *Past State Pres.s Initiate Class for New Philadelphia, O., Lodge*

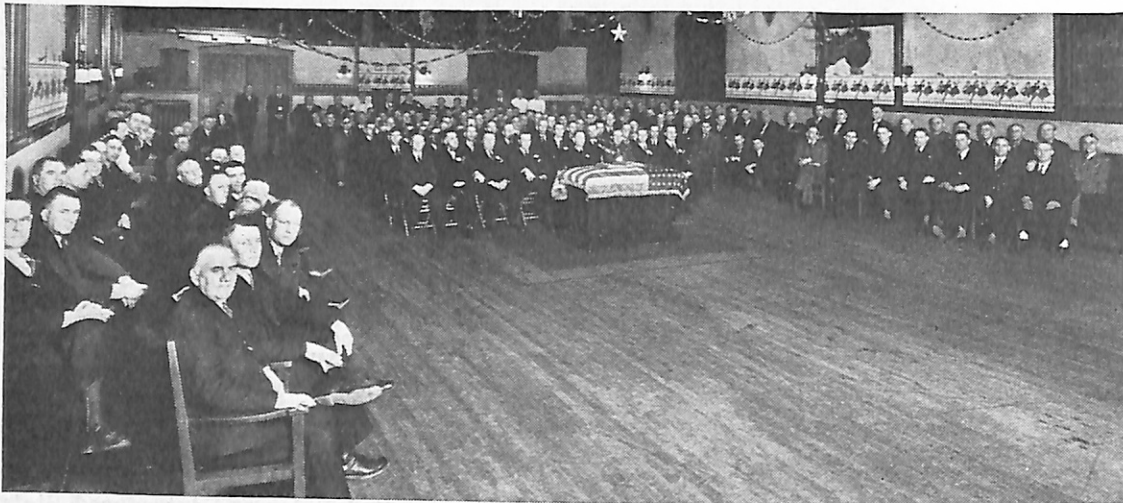
The initiation of a class of candidates conducted recently by Past Presidents of the Ohio State Elks Assn. for New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, No. 510, was the first ceremony of its kind ever conducted in the State. The members of the initiatory team were Clyde Reasoner, Zanesville, Ernest Cole, New Philadelphia, George J. Doerzbach, Sandusky, William F. Bruning, Cleveland, William G. Campbell, Lorain, Albert B. Dawson, Columbus, and Charles W. Casselman, Alliance. Close to 300 Elks witnessed the ceremonies after which Past Pres. Norman C. Parr, of New Philadelphia Lodge, took over the duties of Exalted Ruler and introduced State Pres. Fred L. Bohn, Zanesville, 2nd State Vice-Pres. Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, 3rd Vice-Pres. Walter Penry, Delaware, and Trustee Jack Lais, Norwalk, all of the State Association. Others who spoke briefly were D.D. Raymond A. Jurgens, of Dover Lodge, and P.D.D.s A. C. Andreas, New Philadelphia, Ralph W. Scott, Newcomers-town, E. T. Fogo, Wellsville, and Samuel G. Austin, Cambridge, Kent, Uhrichsville, Coshocton, Newark, Fostoria, Ravenna and Portsmouth, O., and Sistersville, W. Va., Lodges were represented.

Before the meeting the past and present State officers were guests of the Lodge at a dinner at the Reeves Hotel.

#### *Father is Secretary, Son is Exalted Ruler, of Louisville, Ky., Lodge*

One of the oldest Lodges in the Order, Louisville, Ky., No. 8, started the new Lodge year with one of the youngest sets of officers ever elected in its history. A unique and favorable combination exists in the Lodge as a result of the election of Exalted Ruler Edwin F. Franz, who will be assured of a 100 per cent cooperation from the Secretary's office, inasmuch as his father, Secy. C. J. Franz, was again reelected. Mr. Franz, Sr., became a member of Louisville Lodge in 1897. He served on the Drill Team which won prizes at the 1899 and 1900 Grand





Left: A photo taken in the Lodge Room of Des Moines, Iowa, Lodge when 80 candidates and 41 reinstatements were brought into the Lodge with a suitable celebration



Left: The handsomely uniformed Band of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, of which E. E. Benson is Director. The band gave a concert recently

Lodge Conventions, and for the past 25 years has served on the various important committees of his Lodge. He was elected Secretary in 1913. His reelection through the years has been an endorsement of his excellent work and dependability. Initiated in 1932, young Mr. Franz became immediately active in Lodge activities, serving on many committees, and going through the Chairs after having been elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1934.

The recent flood damages so affected the membership of Louisville Lodge that the officers are confronted with the problem of restoring the state of prosperity that existed before the catastrophe. They have gone to work with a will, confident that success will crown their efforts backed by the eager assistance of every individual member of Louisville Lodge.

#### Records Broken in Elks National Bowling Tournament at Kalamazoo

The 20th Annual Tournament of the Elks Bowling Association of America, held in Kalamazoo, Mich., in March and April, broke all records not only for attendance, but for the number of teams entered and high scores made. Three hundred and eighty-two five-man teams were entered, the previous record being 353 teams in 1930 at Cicero, Ill. Kalamazoo had 113 Booster teams. Hamilton O., and Grand Rapids, Mich., with 20 teams each, led in

the number of outside teams entered. Games were bowled on the 14 alleys of the Kalamazoo Recreation Hall.

Final standings were as follows:

#### TEAM EVENT

Detroit Strohs.....	3220
Cleveland Waldorfs.....	3135
Detroit Hank Smiths.....	3104
Detroit Pfeiffers.....	2975
Detroit Mitzels.....	2948
Kalamazoo Orrin B. Hayes....	2934
Kalamazoo WKZO.....	2921
Grand Rapids Dynamiters....	2901
Jackson Antlers.....	2860
Menasha, Wis.....	2834

#### DOUBLES

Grygier-Crimmins, Detroit....	1425
Lausche-Franz, Cleveland.....	1371
Kotarski-Ashley, Detroit.....	1322
Brockle-Hartke, Detroit.....	1309
Shackett-Wenger, Grand Rapids.	1277
Bauman-Kersten, Detroit.....	1275
Snyder-Murphy, Detroit.....	1264
Kettlehut-Bujack, St. Joseph, Mo.	1259
A. Fracaro-Gaw, Waukesha, Wis.	1251
Eger-Stumer, Detroit.....	1250

#### SINGLES

J. Crimmins, Detroit.....	743
C. Kersten, Detroit.....	692
H. Marino, Milwaukee.....	691
C. Lausche, Cleveland.....	688
F. Snyder, Detroit.....	686
C. Dargo, Muncie.....	683
F. Franz, Cleveland.....	679
P. Scribner, Detroit.....	678
D. Johnson, Indianapolis.....	675
F. West, Garrett, Ind.....	672

#### ALL EVENTS

J. Crimmins, Detroit.....	2156
C. Lausche, Cleveland.....	2111
F. Breckle, Detroit.....	1999
C. Grygier, Detroit.....	1982
P. Kersten, Detroit.....	1975

The annual meeting of the Association on Sunday, April 18, was the largest and most enthusiastic ever held. Kalamazoo Lodge was given a rising vote of thanks for its splendid work in making the Tournament such an outstanding success and for its hospitality during the five weeks of play. Kalamazoo is the smallest city ever chosen by the Association for one of its tourneys. E.R. Neil Verburg, General Chairman, and Fred DeCair, local Tournament Manager, received warm congratulations. Milwaukee, Wis., was awarded the 1938 Tournament. S. A. Hanson of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, was the unanimous choice for President. Mr. DeCair was honored by being elected Sixth Vice-President.

#### Athens, O., Lodge Host to 200 on "Visitation Night"

Approximately 200 Elks from nine Lodges attended the initiation and entertainment in March when Athens, O., Lodge, No. 973, was host at one of the "Visitation Nights" being observed throughout Ohio. Chillicothe, O., Lodge, No. 52, sent the largest number, and Jackson, Nelsonville, Lancaster, Ashtabula and Marietta, O., and Parkersburg and Sistersville, W. Va., Lodges

were well represented. The Chillicothe Degree Team, headed by E.R. Harold Boecher, conducted the initiation ceremonies for the Athens candidates.

E.R. John E. Kircher, of Athens Lodge, called upon P.E.R. Robert W. Dunkle of Chillicothe Lodge, State Chairman of the Visitation Committee, who told of preparations for the State-wide program for the night of May 20 when 42 Lodges were guests of 41 others and addresses by National and State Elk officials were broadcast from Columbus. A buffet lunch was served throughout the evening and a floor show was presented after the meeting.

#### **450 Present and 80 Initiated at Des Moines, Ia., Lodge Meeting**

The presence in the Lodge room of 450 Elks and the initiation of a class of 80 candidates marked a recent meeting of Des Moines, Ia., Lodge, No. 98. The Lodge session was followed by a Dutch Lunch and a smoker. Many members of the Order were present from Las Vegas, Nev., Rock Island, Ill., and Perry, Ia.

The meeting was addressed by P.E.R. Daniel K. Brennan of Rock Island Lodge. The initiatory ceremonies were splendidly performed by the Des Moines officers headed by E.R. Daniel Burke. Mr. Brennan delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.



#### **Nelsonville, O., Lodge Host on State Visitation Program**

With 75 officers and members of Athens, O., Lodge, No. 973, as honor guests, and many visiting Elks present from Chillicothe, Columbus, Lancaster, Logan, New Lexington and Marietta, O., Lodges, Nelsonville, O., Lodge, No. 543, was host to 200 members of the Order recently. The meeting was held in connection with the visitation program in progress throughout the State.

E.R. John E. Reed and the Nelsonville officers opened the meeting, after which the Athens Degree

*The officers of Louisville, Ky., Lodge. A unique feature of this group is that Secretary C. J. Franz, extreme right, first row, is the father of E. R. Edwin F. Franz, front row center*

Team, headed by E.R. John E. Kircher, conducted initiation ceremonies. Among the speakers were P.D.D. Robert W. Dunkle and Rud Cue of Chillicothe Lodge, Chairmen of the State and South Cent. Dist. Visitation Committees respectively. Lunch was served later.

*Right: A Class of 41 Candidates initiated into Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge on March 31, the last day of the Lodge Year*



*Part of the 100 bowlers of Hamilton, O., Lodge ready to board their special train to Kalamazoo to participate in the Elks National Bowling Tournament. Hamilton Lodge has 16 teams bowling weekly and hopes to raise that number*





# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

*Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz seated in the welcoming automobile, between M. K. Hearne, left, Exalted Ruler of Charleston Lodge and Dr. R. K. Buford, right, of Charleston, President of the West Virginia State Elks Association, when he visited Charleston Lodge.*



THE 21 Lodges that make up the Southwestern District of Pennsylvania held a banquet and dance at the William Penn Hotel in Pittsburgh on March 30 in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz. Nearly 1,000 Elks and their ladies were seated at the banquet tables. Many of the guests came from the adjoining districts of the northwest and central parts of the State. The program for the day started with the Grand Exalted Ruler's arrival at 8 A. M. He was met at the train by a huge committee. A luncheon was given for Gov. Sholtz and a number of invited guests at 1 P. M. after which he received many Exalted Rulers of the various Lodges. At 6 P. M. a general reception was held in the Blue Room of the Hotel. The banquet began at 7:30. Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, was Chairman of the Banquet Committee.

The list of speakers included the names of men who stand high in the Order. In addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler they were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, who acted as Toastmaster; Gen. Edward Martin, P.E.R. of Washington, Pa., Lodge; Charles Spencer Hart, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill.; State Pres. William D. Hancher, Washington, Pa., and State Chaplain Father Joseph H. Diamond, Warren, Pa. Other distinguished Elks in attendance were Wade H. Kepner, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge

Activities Committee; Past State Pres.s Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, Scott E. Drum, Hazelton, John F. Nugent, Braddock, and M. F. Horne, New Kensington; D.D.s Leonard M. Lippert, McKeesport, J. Austin Gormley, Butler, and Paul J. Dimond, Latrobe; Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkinsburg, Chairman of the State Board of Trustees; Clarence E. Stoner, Braddock, Pres. of the S.W. District Assn.; State Trustee Herman A. Earley, Harrisburg; P.D.D.s F. T. Benson, Kittanning, John T. Lyons, Sharon, James A. Ellis, Carnegie, James M. Kelly, Sheraden, A. J. Gerard, Knoxville, W. C. Kipp, Apollo, John M. Shaw, Brownsville, and John Niland; Wilbur B. Hart, Tampa, Fla., Lodge; Judges Elder W. Marshall, Thomas M. Marshall, George V. Moore, M. A. Musmanna, James H. Gray, Frank A. Piekarski, Benjamin Lencher, Malcolm G. McDonald, and W. H. McNaugher.

Accompanied by Mr. Grakelow, Judge H. B. Frederick, formerly of Allentown, Pa., and now E. R. of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, Past Pres.s. Max L. Lindheimer of Williamsport, F. J. Schrader and Howard Davis, and D.D. Harold B. Rudisill, of Hanover, Pa., Lodge, the

Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the Hotel Brunswick in Lancaster, Pa., on April 6 by E.R. J. H. Geisenberger, P.D.D. Kenelm L. Shirk, P.E.R. Harry M. Forrest and Mayor James H. Ross, and escorted to the Home of Lancaster Lodge, No. 134, by the Elks Drill Team and Band and the American Legion Drum Corps and Color Guard. The occasion was the Lodge's 48th Annual Banquet.

The Exalted Ruler, Mr. Geisenberger, gave the official welcome and introduced visiting Elks from Allentown, Bethlehem, Columbia, Coatesville, Hanover, Middletown and Elizabethtown, Pa. P.D.D. Shirk, Toastmaster, introduced Mayor Ross who, after a brief talk, presented the key of the city to the visitors. Listed as special guests besides those distinguished Elks already mentioned, were the Hon. J. Roland Kinzer, and Charter Members Christian Duttonhofer, Joseph J. Duttonhofer and William Gelzenlichter. The Master Singers, directed by Dr. William A. Wolf, presented a program of songs. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was equally fraternal and patriotic and was received with the great applause which it merited. The event was the



*Distinguished Elks at a dinner tendered to Mr. Sholtz by Washington, D. C., Lodge.*

most important one of the year for Lancaster Lodge.

On Thursday afternoon, April 8, Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz arrived in York, Pa., and was met at the train by P.E.R. James E. Chalfant, Secy. Horace H. Ziegler and L. Edward Herr, of York Lodge, No. 213. A banquet arranged in his honor was held in the Lodge Home at 6:45 and was attended by 160 persons. The Grand Exalted Ruler made a fine speech on Americanism. He was introduced by Mr. Rudisill. Mr. Grakelow, Mr. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, E.R. Oscar H. Altland, P.E.R. Judge Ray P. Sherwood and Judge Henry C. Niles, York Lodge, and Mayor Harry B. Anstine figured prominently as speakers. Mr. Chalfant was Toastmaster. He also headed the Committee on Arrangements, being splendidly assisted by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Altland, Secy. Ziegler, and Benjamin M. Eby, J. Alvin Hertzog, Thomas A. Monk,

Jr., and Max F. Feldman, officers of York Lodge.

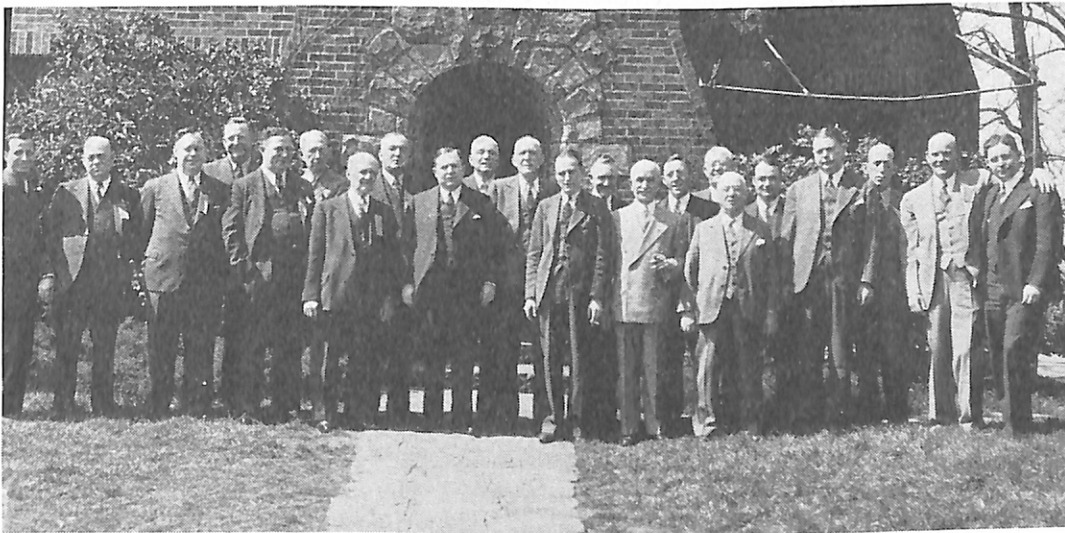
Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz, accompanied Mr. Hart and Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, Secy. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., was met in Albany on Saturday afternoon, April 10, by P.E.R.s J. Raymond McGirr, T. J. Quilty, Secy. Robert L. Quinn and State Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan, of Saratoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 161, and officers and members of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, and escorted by Albany police to the Saratoga city limits where the party was met by a detail of State troopers. The party was joined by Chief Patrick F. Fox and Saratoga Springs motorcycle officers, the Union Fire Company No. 2 Band of Ballston Spa, a detail of marching patrolmen, and a long line of Elks in automobiles. The parade wound its way through the streets to the Home of Saratoga Lodge where a reception was held.

Sholtz, Mr. Hart, Mr. Clancy and Dr. Roohan, were: D.D. Michael J. Degnan, Hudson Lodge; E.R. William H. Ford, Secy. Quinn, P.D.D. Walter M. Stroup and Surrogate George O. Tuck, P.E.R., Saratoga Lodge; and Mayor Addison Mallery, who had presented the key of the city to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Dr. Arthur J. Leonard, Commissioner of Public Safety, and C. J. Lynch, Commissioner of Accounts, representing the City Council. An interesting incident occurred during the evening when Mayor Mallery turned in his signed application for membership in Saratoga Lodge. Spencer B. Eddy was Toastmaster. Secy. Quinn was General Chairman of the Reception and Banquet Committee, and George V. Halpin was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. Rome Fenton acted as Master of Ceremonies. The Grand Exalted Ruler received a handsome Oriental rug, presented to him by Mr. Degnan as a present

from the District Lodges. Saranac Lake Lodge, included on the Grand Exalted Ruler's visiting schedule, was represented by P.E.R.s Hyman Weiner and Charles H. Goldsmith.

State Pres. Roohan, E.R. Ford and Secy. Quinn accompanied Gov. Sholtz and Mr. Clancy to Glens Falls the next day where they were entertained at a noon dinner by Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 81 and enjoyed a pleasant session with the members.

On Sunday, April 11, in company with Mr.



Above: Mr. Sholtz and prominent Alabama Elks pictured on the day of his visit to Bessemer, Ala., Lodge.

Right: Mr. Sholtz and other officials on the occasion of Rome, N. Y., Lodge's presentation of a tablet to the memory of Francis Bellamy.

Below: Mr. Sholtz and other New York Elks at a party given by Saratoga, N. Y., Lodge.

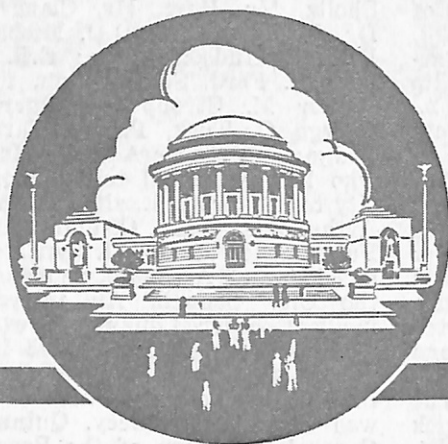


More than 300 representatives of the 15 Lodges of the N. Y. North-east District gathered in the Home that evening to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler and to hear him speak. He was greeted by a storm of applause which was repeated at the close of his stirring address on Americanism. Among those seated at the speakers' table besides Gov.

Clancy, Dr. Roohan, P.E.R.s Thomas J. Quilty and Secy. Quinn and a delegation of Saratoga Elks, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to the Home of Saranac Lake, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1508, where the party was greeted by many members of that Lodge and of Malone and Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodges. After a few words of

(Continued on page 50)





# Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1936-1937

## GRAND EXALTED RULER

DAVID SHOLTZ, (Daytona Beach, Fla., No. 1141) Graham Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

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LESTER C. AYER, Portland, Maine, No. 188, 45 Forest Avenue.

## GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

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## GRAND TREASURER

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## GRAND TILER

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CHARLES H. GRAKELOW, Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2, Broad Street at Cumberland.

MURRAY HULBERT, New York, N. Y., No. 1, U. S. Court House, Foley Square.

## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular

meeting, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.



## A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER

My Brothers—Greetings:

June 14th is Flag Day, and in accordance with Section 229 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, every Elks Lodge in America will sponsor and hold Flag Day exercises. More than ever in America we should learn to appreciate our great country and its flag, which is emblematic of our personal liberty as well as our independence.

Thank God we are Americans. Therefore, we have this opportunity, along with the thousands of others who may be attracted to our public exercises, to pledge allegiance to our great country. May we make the most of it!

Now let us prepare to go "On to Denver". Every Lodge is required to have there a duly authorized representative. This is your Grand Lodge and it is my sincere hope that every Lodge will be represented not only by its official delegate but by numerous interested Elks. This year the accommodations are such that Elks who are not members of the Grand Lodge will have an opportunity to witness the proceedings. It is specifically requested that every State arrange to have a float in the "Parade of the States" which will make our parade this year an outstanding demonstration of loyalty and devotion to God and country.

I will meet you at Denver where a cordial greeting and welcome awaits you and where we will mark another milestone of human service to our fellow men.

Cordially and fraternally yours,

DAVE SHOLTZ,

Grand Exalted Ruler.





## The Elks Good Will Safety Tour

**T**HIS year, in cooperation with the Studebaker Corporation of America, another transcontinental Good Will Safety Tour, patterned on the style of the previous ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleets which have been accorded such enthusiastic receptions by the subordinate Lodges, will originate at different points and travel across country to Denver, the scene of the Elks Grand Lodge Convention.

Six Studebaker cars—three President State Cruising Sedans and three Dictator Cruising Sedans—will speed the Magazine's Ambassadors on their mission of promoting safety and good will. Two cars starting at Jersey City proceed coastwise through the South as far as Austin, Texas, then turn northward through Oklahoma and Kansas, and west to their destination, Denver. Two others, leaving from Boston, travel through New England, upper New York State, and then take a middle course through the United States to the Convention

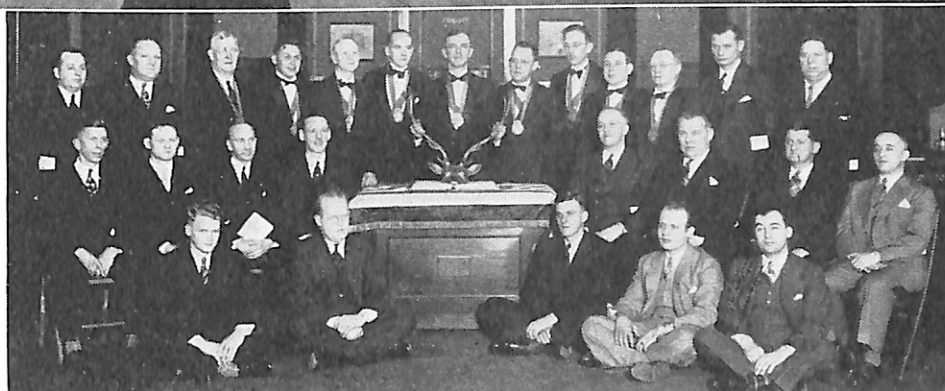
city. The remaining two cars, proceeding from Chicago on a northwesterly route, roll down the Pacific coast as far as San Diego, then east and northeast toward Colorado's capital.

These cars will be piloted by Good Will Ambassadors who have been chosen because of their ability as professional entertainers and for their outstanding service as Elks. The Ambassadors will carry the message of safety and good will to nearly three hundred Lodges in the path of the three routes. They will cover more than thirty thousand miles. Through special arrangements, they will broadcast locally at nearly one hundred stations on their course, reporting progress of the respective cars as well as extending invitations to members of the Order to attend the Grand Lodge Convention.

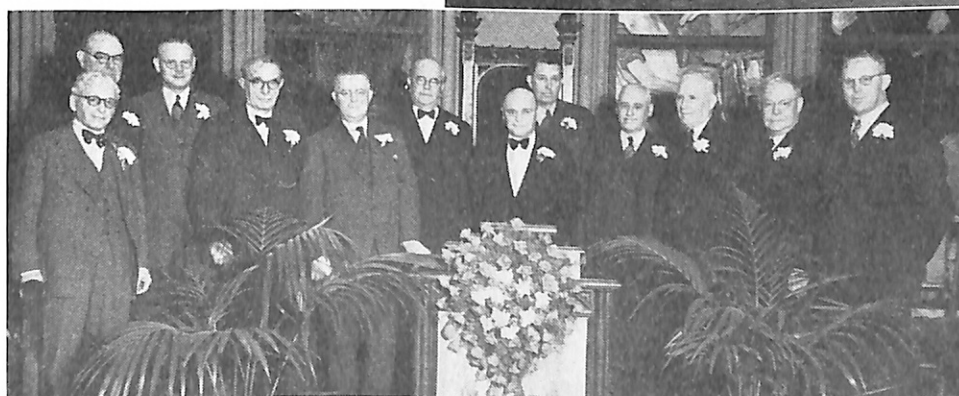
This, the ninth annual Good Will Tour, has been arranged with the serious pur- (Continued on page 53)



*Above: 24 candidates and many Elks who attended Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge on an evening which was an auspicious occasion*



*Right: A class of candidates who entered Moline, Ill., Lodge and the officers who initiated them at a large dinner meeting attended by 250 persons*



*Left: Judge Frank M. Ogden, E.R. of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, and prominent colleagues on the Bench, photographed on Alameda County Night*

*Below: A class of 36 candidates and 5 reinstatements who entered Marquette, Mich., Lodge as a group dedicated to Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz*

*Below: Members of Sturgis and Hillsdale, Mich., Lodges gathered together on the occasion of a joint initiation when 25 candidates joined Sturgis Lodge and 11 became members of Hillsdale Lodge. The Hillsdale officers and drill team conducted the exercises*





## Elks Convention Bulletin No. 4

Denver is ready. Like a thoroughbred race horse awaiting the starter's gun, the entire populace is keyed to a high pitch, eager and anxious to entertain the greatest fraternal conclave ever held—The Elks Seventy-third National Convention, during the week of July 11.

Denver feels proud of the fact that this city has been selected for the third time as the Elks' national meeting place. In a modest effort to show its appreciation for this remarkable distinction, not a single detail has been overlooked to make this year's Reunion the greatest and most colorful in the history of the Elks organization.

Denver, situated within a stone's throw of the great Rocky Mountains, possesses every facility and advantage for a vacation and convention city.

As a grand climax to the Convention, the Convention Committee will stage in the mammoth Denver University Stadium "The Elks Rocky Mountain Roundup," which, we pledge, will be the finest and most thrilling Wild West rodeo ever presented in any section of the country. This event will bring together the greatest aggregation of cowboys and trick riders, the wildest horses and the most vicious Brahma steers ever assembled in a rodeo arena. This rodeo will be climaxed with a mighty chorus featuring songs of the range, and terminating with a rendition of the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Friday, July 16, of Elks Convention Week, has been designated Colorado Springs Day. This will be featured by a pilgrimage of Elks to the Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun on Cheyenne mountain. The pilgrimage, which follows colorful memorial ceremonies conducted by the Grand Exalted Ruler and members of the Grand Lodge, will be in the nature of a tribute to one of our famous members, Will Rogers, actor, author and humorist, in whose memory the Shrine was erected by Spencer Penrose, a Colorado Springs citizen. If you are planning to attend the Convention by rail, consult your local railroad agent as to how to include Colorado Springs in your itinerary without extra cost.

Attention is again called to a Grand Lodge rule requiring Convention identification cards for ladies attending the Reunion. We want the ladies to take advantage of a special program which has been arranged exclusively for them but it is absolutely necessary that they be identified in accordance with Grand Lodge requirements. These cards can be obtained without cost from Secretaries of subordinate Lodges upon request.

Although Denver has excellent hotel accommodations, Elks and their families planning to attend the Convention are requested to write Elks Convention Headquarters, 1401 California Street, Denver, Colo., for reservations as early as possible. We are expecting a record turnout. Please specify in detail just what accommodations are desired.

If you are contemplating driving to the Convention, maps and detailed information about roads, routes, etc., will be provided by Convention Headquarters in cooperation with the Rocky Mountain Motorists, Inc.

Faternally,

ELKS 73rd NATIONAL CONVENTION.

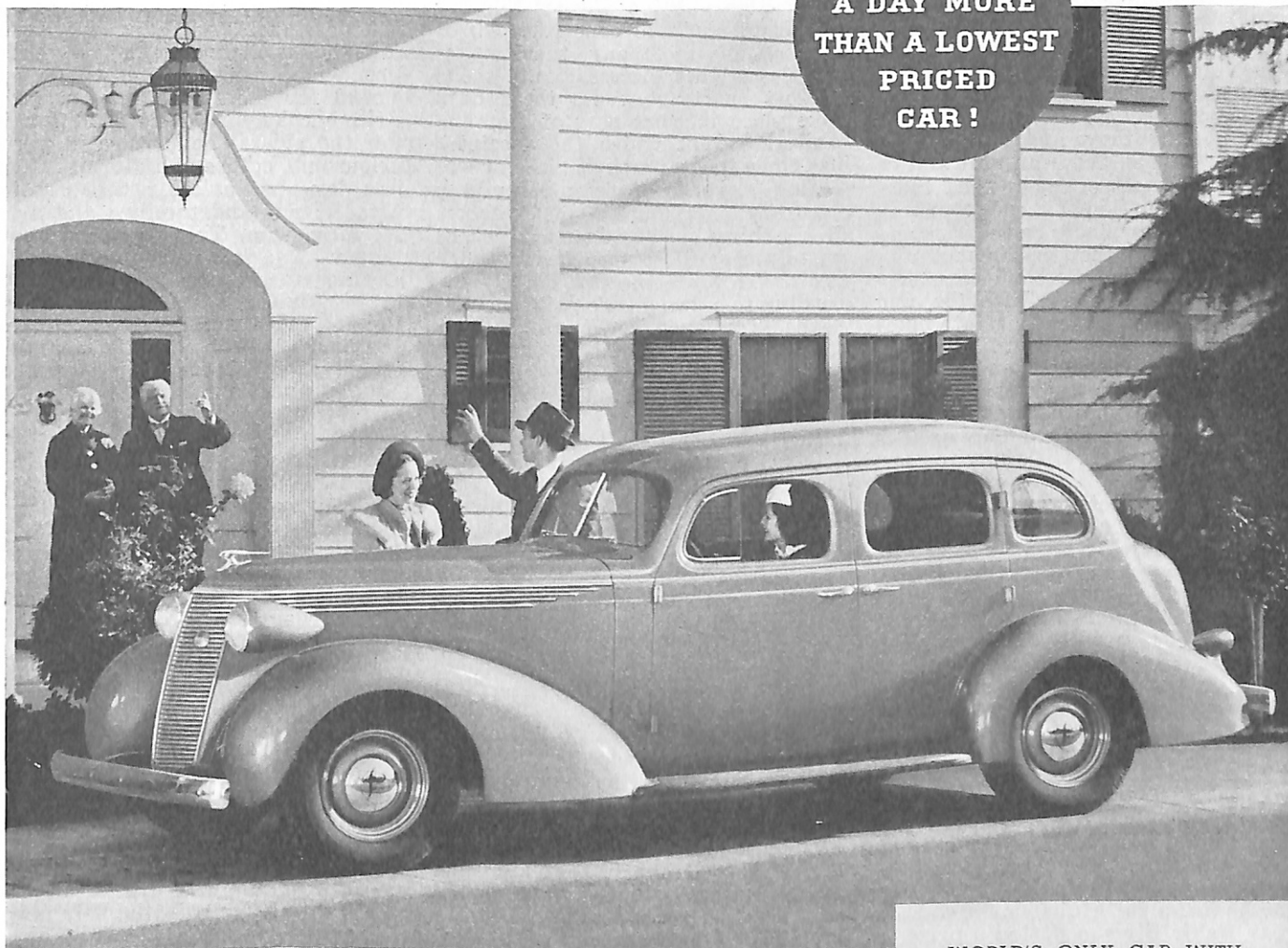
RAYMOND RIEDE, *General Chairman*

MONROE GOLDSTEIN, *Executive Director*



# AMERICA PROUDLY NOMINATES STUDEBAKER AS ITS *Car of the Year!*

A  
FEW CENTS  
A DAY MORE  
THAN A LOWEST  
PRICED  
CAR!



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH

## SPOTLIGHT CAR IN LOW UPKEEP AND LOW PRICE



**YOU BUY LESS GAS . . . YOU GET MORE MILES . . . AND HOW YOU SAVE ON OIL!** Built into every 1937 Studebaker is the sensational new Fram oil cleaner. It means you scarcely ever need to change oil except when the seasons change. And with the gas-saving automatic overdrive available at slight added cost, 1937 Studebaker owners are equaling and often beating the gasoline mileage records of the very lowest priced cars.

**I**n a lovely woman or magnetic man, they call it personality . . . that compelling eye-appeal which causes heads to turn in admiration or in envy when this spirited new 1937 Studebaker glides by.

Some cars miss it by a mile and are frankly homely. Others try too hard to acquire it and end up looking overdone.

The Studebaker secret is the unaffected simplicity of its designing—inside as well as outside . . . plus an honest wholesomeness of structure that extends from the tailoring of the upholstery to the paint finish twelve coats deep.

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Try out the Studebaker Dictator Six or a thrilling new State President Eight, purchasable on low cost terms through the Studebaker C. I. T. budget plan. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

WORLD'S ONLY CAR WITH  
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BUILT BY THE WORLD'S  
LARGEST GROUP OF  
EXPERT CAR CRAFTSMEN

*Exciting 1937  
Studebakers*



# Pedal Pushers' Parade

(Continued from page 11)

Newspapermen, too, complain of the terrible nerve-strain. Following slowly in their automobiles, breathing in dust or looking out over a sun-parched plain, they find themselves suffering from claustrophobia, in the clutch of a boa constrictor from which there is no escape. For one solid month they are lost to the world. Oh yes, they can quit and be fired. But most of them need those francs badly. So early each morning they take their places in the cars and prepare for another grim chapter in this 900-word novel. And each evening they arrive at Zilchville and dash for a phone, bumping into bikes and being shoved around like a subway rider. A reporter on the Tour is like a guy who starts out on a Sahara crossing in a camel caravan and half-way across suddenly decides he has had enough. It's just too bad for him.

The Tour collects francs with much greater ease than the French government. As this goes to press the money donated for prizes is already well over 700,000 francs. All sorts of firms donate cash in the expectation, of course, that their various products will be patronized by the riders and the sporting public. One of the strangest of these products is fortune-telling. No, I'm not crazy; well, just a little, maybe.

There is a gentleman in France called the Fakir Birman. He's a millionaire—in francs. And the Fakir has made a good deal of money gazing into the crystal ball for bike racers; apparently with some success for he has a faithful following. Last year Fakir Birman posted a prize of five thousand francs.

Other contributors to the pot of gold are sausage manufacturers; the Committee on Wine; Pernod Fils, the imitation absinthe concern, and, of course, any company that makes bicycles or their accessories.

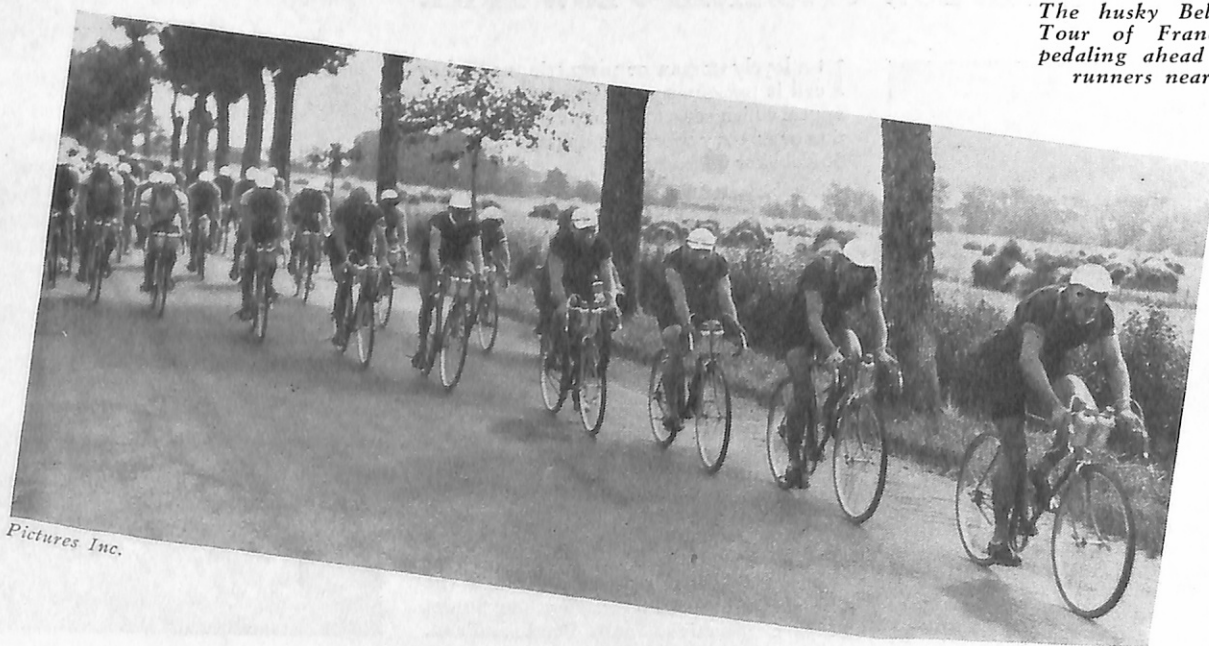
Most sporting events these days take place in some sort of stadium. And the event which the spectator has come to see unwinds more or less within his range of vision depending, naturally, on his luck and pocketbook. But a thing like the Tour de France is, to most of the spectators, a free show. To overcome this defect—according to a promoter's point of view—the Tour whenever possible is guided into a local velodrome for the sprint at the end of the day's lap. The riders roll into town like the circus and steer their wheels onto the board track. Here they put on a stirring dash for the day's prize and the crowd goes home satisfied; more than satisfied if a local boy happens to be the hero. On some laps it is possible to follow the Tour from an observation train as we follow a boat race here. A pleasant place to watch it is from a cafe terrace with a cool drink for company. This is very popular along the Riviera where everything is done in the carnival spirit.

The Riviera run is an agreeable remission for the riders. The route takes them along the famous coast where the dark, red rocks of the pine-dotted Esterel hills are splashed by the white foam and the blue waves of the Mediterranean. Here are some of the most spectacular roads in the world. One is the Grande Corniche constructed by Napoleon as a military highway. Another road famous

for its grandeur is the Corniche d'Or which links St. Raphael and Cannes. "Corniche," by the way, means "cornice" or "shelf." Still another track for the cyclists is the beautiful Promenade des Anglais which was named for the English because the British colony in Nice paid for it. For the riders the Riviera is a luxurious lull before the storm. There is a day of complete rest, a reunion with friends and families and a refreshing swim. Then on to the mountains with jaws clenched and muscles strained to the breaking point.

The Riviera doesn't always mean fun and relaxation. Last year it was at Cannes that the Spanish team received word of the Rebel drive on Madrid and from that time on the Spaniards were practically out of the race, torn by worry over their families and homes. For over the Tour hangs the threat of war that Europe feels every day, every night. You know, "War Threatens Europe." It's become a joke to some of us. But to young athletes abroad (and they have to be under thirty to stand the strain of the Tour) this threat is a serious business. So, in an atmosphere of dread and suspicion the Tour—like the show—goes on. Like an old, unsteady tight-rope walker, the Old World totters back and forth, leaning now perilously to the right, now to the left, but never quite losing its balance.

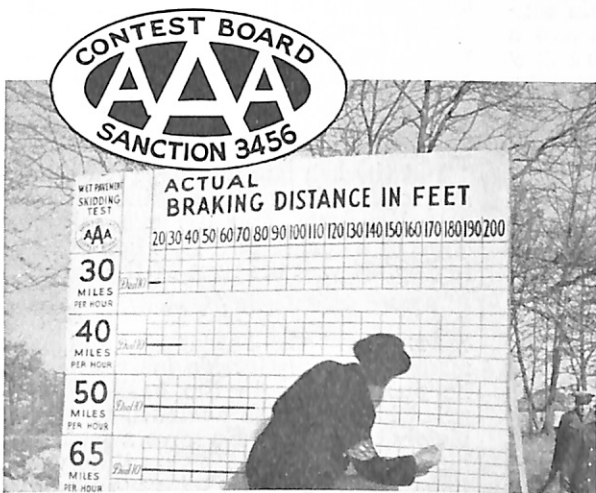
And in the meanwhile early in July one hundred and fifty picked bike racers from every great European power and many of the small ones will start out on this, the thirty-first Tour de France. Take it away, *messieurs!*



*The husky Belgians, in the Tour of France Race, are pedaling ahead of the other runners near Bordeaux*

Pictures Inc.

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The established distance required to stop the average car at this speed on dry pavement is 53 feet.\*

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"If cars could be made to stop in half the distance, it would greatly reduce the terrific accident toll. It would be a boon to the motoring public."

Elks!

See the thrilling safety movie to be shown in your club by the Good Will Tour drivers.

THE

**GENERAL Dual 10**



# The Good Tender

(Continued from page 15)

them he must. What they contained was none of his business. But to stay down too long, even at this depth, would bring on those horrible convulsions known as the bends, which result in either death or paralysis for life; and whatever the temper of the men above him, he was certain they would not bring him up until he had recovered all five boxes. After that anything could happen to the diver. His tender might give him too much slack and foul his lines on a rock so that his airline would pinch or snap off; or he might give him too much air, and his suit would inflate and burst, leaving him to be squeezed to death by the water pressure; or he might give him no air at all and let him just naturally suffocate; or leave him down too long so that the compression and chill would finish him off. But whatever they did to him Gar figured that it would not be done until he had sent the boxes up. His one chance of escape from any of these disasters lay only in the quickness of his thought. But due to the pressure, all thought underseas is slow and muddled and Gar was dimly aware that even on the top-side he was not a quick thinker. The little ability he had in that direction had been further dulled by his dependence on Snort these last three years. Snort could think the way out of any difficulty—and he had let Snort do it. Desperate as his present position appeared to be he was confident that Snort would have been able to handle it. But Snort, smarting from Gar's easy repudiation of him, was fingering a woman's mirror in his pocket, and hunting a girl to give it to in Monterey.

Gar groaned and prodded with the pry bar around and below the seaweeds. There was no sight of boxes. His path was marked by a thin rising of mud where his copper-toed boots had dragged, and broken corals and lacerated sponges. He did not know how long he had been down. Except for the state of his breathing and the chill of his body he had no way to reckon time underseas, and he was in too disturbed a state of mind to correctly gauge

either his breathing or his temperature. In a panic of haste impeded by his clumsy diving gear and the heavy pressure of the water he moved the weight on his distance line and started a new circle.

THE light filtered down in oblique rays. The afternoon was waning. Gar had circled the weight twice when that sixth sense, the sense of awareness which only divers seem to have retained since the early history of the race, quickened into his consciousness. He looked up and saw a small barracuda poised in the foggy blueness forty feet away from him. Discounting the magnifying effect of the water he judged its true length to be about four feet. Instantly he gave the emergency signal for ascent, at the same time unscrewing his knife from his belt. Like the shark the barracuda is one of the few creatures that has not been overfished; it is even more aggressive than the shark, and an encounter with it is dreaded by all divers on the West Coast. For the barracuda is always hungry, and so mean and so vicious that nothing daunts it. Its mouth is studded with razor-sharp teeth that can and will penetrate anything.

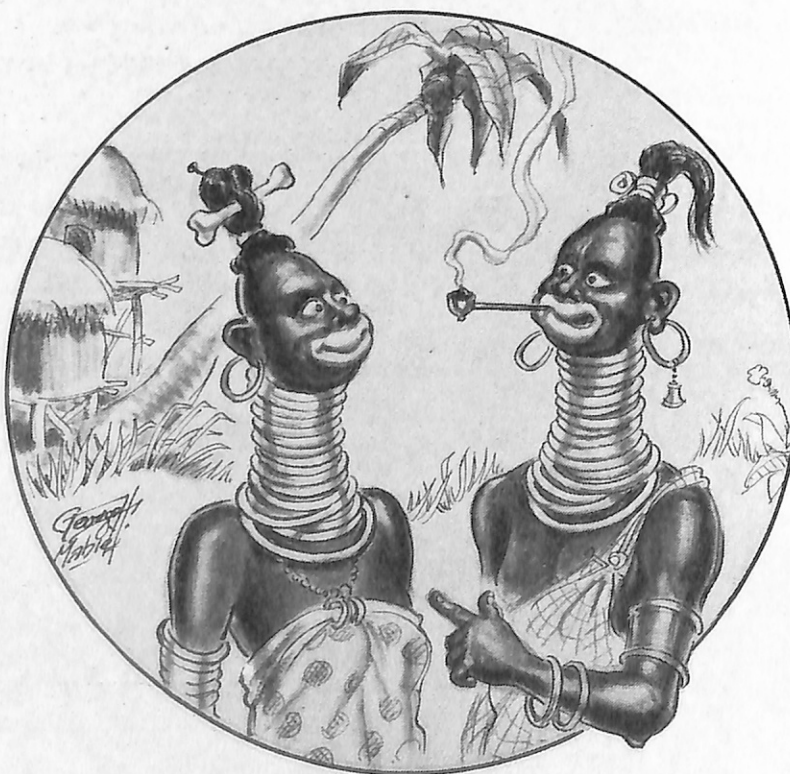
There was no response to Gar's

signal, and the menace of the barracuda was now equalled by the disposition of the men controlling his lines. He sent up another frantic four jerks on his line, but still nothing happened. Apparently there was to be no ascent. And yet not for a moment had they relaxed their vigilance. His air was coming down sweet and cool, his lines were kept taut and clear of obstruction. But his four, sharp jerks to be brought up were ignored. He could shut off the air and let the pressure inside blow him up to the surface, but that would spread-eagle him. His suit would burst, and he would drown. He saw nothing to do but to back up against a rock and brace himself for an attack from the barracuda, his knife in hand.

But the fish had not observed him, and it passed on. Gar strained at its receding form, and his eye caught sight of a corner of a lead box sticking up. It was the first of the cache.

HE forgot the barracuda, and remembering the Greek's instructions, he put the box in the basket, and pried loose enough abalones to completely conceal it. He gave a jerk on his line. The response this time was immediate. The basket rose slowly up past him. It was all he could do to keep from clinging to it himself, and going up with it, knife in hand. But that he knew would be useless.

His hands were numbed with cold, and his eyes beginning to strain. But he had yet four more boxes to find. The basket came slowly drifting down, and he started circling again. A few steps brought him stumbling over the second box. He packed it over with abalones, and sent it up. He could already see the third box propped up against a rock. Refreshed with the hope that he was near the end of his work he struggled against the weight of the water to make haste, and while the third box was ascending strained for sight of the fourth. He prodded beneath the seaweeds, searched out the crevices in the rocks, and all the time his thoughts centered on



"Hi, Eloise . . . How about a game of quoits?"

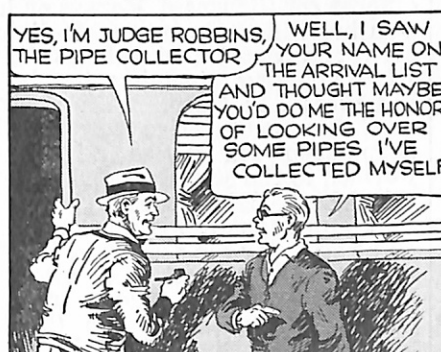
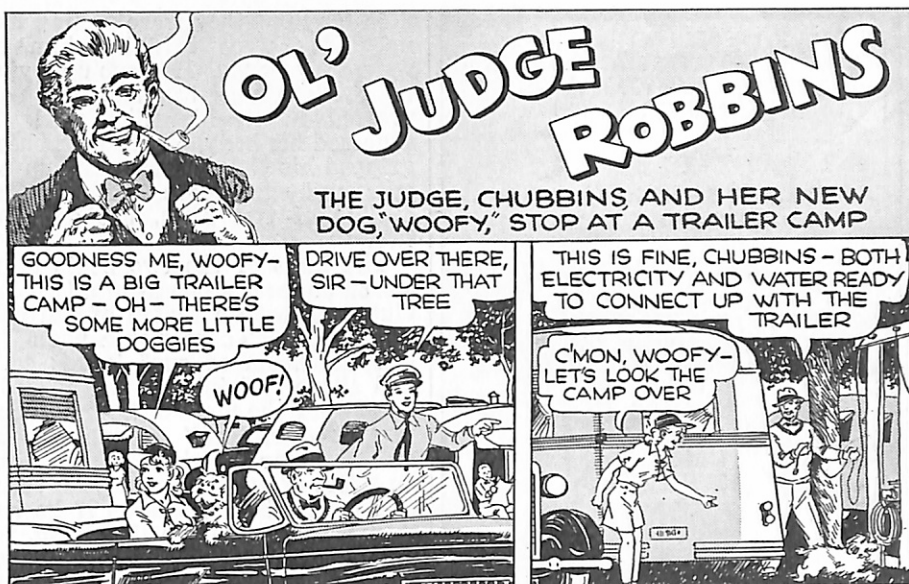
the heavy, forward sloping shoulders of the man who was tending him, and the gorilla-like strength of them. As he touched the side of a rock it suddenly became animate, and a large eel slithered away before him. Knowing there would be others with it he stopped short. His hand was still scarred from a previous encounter with an eel, and while he paused he saw the whole rock dissolve before his eyes as eel after eel uncurled and undulated off through the fronds of kelp. And where they had been lay the fourth lead box.

His hands were stiff with cold. Only with the greatest difficulty could he loosen his fingers from the pry bar, and then bend them to the weight of the box, and he found it required every ounce of driving power that he possessed to pry loose four large abalones. He jerked on his line, and felt rather than saw the basket begin to ascend.

There was still a fifth box. To search for it he would have to move his distance line, and start a new circle. The light had blurred to a blue gloom, and his range of vision was considerably shortened. He turned toward the weight at the end of his line, but he moved as if he were encased in ice. He looked up. Above him the light silvered the water, but no basket was coming down. He watched dully, his distended eyes staring upward. Numbed with cold he could no longer bend from the waist, and to move his feet felt as if the weight of the whole world was attached to them. To continue the search was physically impossible. Summoning all his strength he gave four pulls on his line, and waited. As before, there was no response. A few sardines swam fearlessly around him until to his blurred eyes they took on the size of whales. His heart was pounding and to clear his eardrums he swallowed incessantly. The sea was crushing down on his chest. He could not breathe until he pushed it away. Again he gave four jerks for ascent, this time so feebly he knew the signal could not carry.

And then he realized that his supply of air had been shut off. He pulled his control valve wide open, but no air came through. They had cut off his air. He was as solidly rooted to the bottom as one of the boulders. Although the fifth box had not been recovered, they had finished with him. Probably there was no fifth box at all. He was trapped. With his mind slowed up by long pressure he felt himself stiffening in his suit as if he were already turning into a corpse.

While he waited for unconsciousness his gasps became easier. He felt his suit filling out with sweet cool air. His feet were off the ground and he was rising. His head cleared, and he jerked the exhaust valve open, letting a rush of clean air sweep through. They were pulling him up. He had not recovered the



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fifth box, but they were pulling him up. They were bringing him up very, very slowly. He gave up trying to think about it. The icy cold pressed in on him like steel. It squeezed his body, crushed his chest, gripped his throat. He rolled up his eyes and saw above him the dark outline of two hulls, not one, but two.

The hulls of the two boats glimmered out and wavered into two cool blue eyes with a thatch of red hair above them. There was a pounding like the boom of surf in his ears, and above it faint and far away he could hear the tones of Snort's voice, "Drink this, Gar." Familiar tones and familiar syllables. It required no effort of will to understand them. Gar drank, but it was as if he had drunk all the pain in the world, for the agony of returning circulation began to stab him. He woke to quicker consciousness. He was on his own boat. He was out of his diving suit, and Snort and someone else were applying steaming towels to his chest and torso. With the remarkable recuperative powers that keep deep sea divers alive, Gar warmed to the stimulant and the applied heat. His breathing became slow and regular, his head cleared, and except for the feeling of having taken a severe beating all over his body he felt reasonably normal again. He looked for the Greeks. They were nowhere in sight. Two sailors in government uniform were moving about.

"What happened?" he gasped.

"You're all right," Snort reassured him, pouring him out another drink. Gar drank it down, and opened his eyes a little wider.

"How did you get here?" he asked in short breaths. "You are here, ain't you?"

"You bet I'm here."

"Where are the Greeks?"

"Them babies is being took care of."

"How?"

"They was took off this boat and put onto another."

"Who did it?" asked Gar, ready for the answer that came carelessly from Snort.

"Me."

"But you was looking for a girl!"

"Not much I wasn't. Never did have to look for a girl, and I ain't starting now. I was looking, but not for a girl, and not at a girl. I was on the wharf. I was looking at a Greek, and I seen something."

"You seen more than I did, I guess," said Gar humbly.

"You bet. I seen a fifth Greek on the wharf, and when your boat pulled out with them four rats on it, I seen this fellow on the wharf give them a funny grin. And the other Greeks was all grinning back at him. I didn't know what it meant, but I didn't like it." Snort reached for the bottle, and poured himself a drink. "I somehow think they ain't grinning no more," he added.

"But you knew what to do?"

prompted Gar.

"Oh, yes, sure. Yes, I knew what to do."

Snort lifted another hot towel from a steaming kettle and laid it on Gar's chest.

"So you done what?" begged Gar.

"It wasn't nothing," deprecated Snort. "Anybody could of done it. It wasn't nothing at all."

Gar struggled to sit up, and waved an ineffectual fist. "By the Lord," he cried, "if you don't tell me quick what you done I'm going to sock you one on the jaw."

"You couldn't sock a baby now," laughed Snort. "But I'll tell you just the same. All I done was just common horse sense. Remember I was in the Eleventh Cavalry, and we learnt all about horses there. We learnt leather, and sweat, and sense. So what I done wasn't nothing—for an army man. Knowing you was headed this way with your swell new tender I bummed a ride into Carmel on the beer truck, and then hoofed it over to the Point. Your boat was already there, and you was down on the bottom. It looked all right, but somehow I knew it wasn't. I couldn't forget them grins. But what could I do about it? Nothing. Except keep out of sight. So I skulked through the trees, sometimes looking at the boat, and sometimes looking at the mountain, and then again looking out at the fog bank coming up. Maybe you know the name of that mountain. Signal Mountain. Where the Indians on the hill used to signal with fire to the Indians down on the Point. And there I was looking up at the mountain and wondering what I could do about you being how and where you was, and at the same time wondering if those old fellers had some kind of a code to signal in."

"I was damn uneasy about you. But I didn't even have a gun. About all I was packing was my two fists and a mirror what a girl left on a chair for me to pick up. But when you got nothing else you got to do the best with what you have got. Bear that in mind. So I done what I could. I knew there was a government cutter around, or anyways there should be. I seen it off Point Joe coming down. And if them Greeks was okay, a government cutter could do them no harm, and if they wasn't okay it could do you some good. At the edge of the Point where I'm standing I see a bit of smoke here, and a bit of smoke there, but I don't know which is the Coast Guard. Do you know the Morse Code?"

"No," said Gar. "I don't know the Morse Code."

"I thought you didn't. Well, I do. We learnt that in the army, too. And me with a mirror in my pocket—well, it was too easy. There was the mirror and there was the sun, and the fog bank still lying low. I took that mirror out, and got saying things, all unknowing if there was anybody around to take what I was saying. It happened that there was,



and when I see the cutter heading straight and fast for the Point, I peeled off and dived through the surf. They hove to and picked me up. They had to. I wasn't going to be left standing on the Point. After that there wasn't nothing to it. We slipped up on your boat in record time. The feller had left the airhose when I got there, and that was pretty near the end of you. The cutter gave me a couple of men before it went away—them guys you see—and the captain tells me the Greeks is dope runners, and you and me is in for a big reward for getting them."

"But the reward belongs to you," said Gar quickly. "It was you done everything."

"No, it belongs to both of us," corrected Snort. He wiped his mouth on his shirt sleeve, and smiled down at Gar. His eyes were blue as the sea, and his red thatch of hair scintillated like the sun. "A diver is as good as his tender," he said.

## A Saddle Horse For Skippo

(Continued from page 7)

says. "You don't have to worry. All the colts Old Becky ever had were big ones. I haven't seen this last one yet, but I reckon it's big and husky, too, ain't it?"

I wanted to spring a stick of firewood off his head, Cicero — Your Honor—Sir—for I took that as a piece of ordinary, plain cruelty. He knew the colt was a runt. I had told him so. And he knew that Skippo was almost daffy about it. I'd told him that, too. It took him almost a week to hatch his scheme, but now he was back to tear at the boy's heart. That was his way of getting even.

Skippo wouldn't go to bed that night until after Lum left. He followed us down to the stalls and stood in front of Old Becky's door until Lum bridled his horse and rode away. Even at that he wouldn't go in the house until he heard Lum's horse trot across the bridge.

Then he went in the house and said nothing to nobody, but went straight to bed. Mollie felt for him so keen that she didn't even make him get up and pray. If it had been Lum's plan to tear the lad's spirit all to pieces, he sure had done it. What I was afraid of, Cicero, was that Lum had undone everything me and Mollie had done toward heading that boy right. We didn't want him to be a wild hobo again.

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The next morning was bright and frosty with the collard leaves looking like they had been painted in crystal. Ever eat collard pot liquor with corn dumplings and smoked side meat, Cicero? You have, eh? Well, it's good, ain't it? I was standing in the garden looking at those collards and thinking that about two more frosts would sweeten them to the queen's taste, when Skippo came in the gate. His eyes were hard and he was talking that funny hobo lingo, out of the side of his mouth.

"That bird Lum," he says, "is gonna get hurt."

I says, "How come?"

"He's got a scheme to kill my horse and I'm not going to stand for it."

"Now-w-w see here, Skippo," I says, "You're getting all het up for nothing. Lum ain't no officer. He can't do anything to your horse."

"Ah-h-h! Dat's what you say."

"Well—" I says, joking, "don't bruise Lum too much."

"I won't hurt him any if he lays offa my horse."

Skippo wasn't joking, but I couldn't figure, in the first place, where Lum would ever touch his horse and, in the second place, where Skippo could hurt him if he did. So I didn't worry about it, which shows what a fool I was.

He ran down to the lot and fed Old Becky. He wanted to and I let him take full charge of 'em. When I saw he was doing it right I didn't interfere. He had named the colt "Mollie." I told him it wasn't that kind of a colt and the name didn't fit, but he laughed and said the colt didn't know the difference—so "Mollie" it was—and still is. By now the colt was following him around like a dog, and it was growing pretty good. I could see them from the garden romping all over the horse lot. Skippo thought that was the finest horse that ever stomped a hoof. I loved to look at them.

I laid up right then to mention it to Lum, as a straight matter, to stop his foolishness. I didn't know then that I'd be sitting up here in court trying to keep you and Whitney from sending the kid to jail, or I'd ha' done more about it then.

At breakfast Skippo told Mollie what he had named his horse, and I never saw anybody with a straight face come as near bustin'. But she was near about as proud of it as he was of the colt. While we were eating he asked me if he couldn't fix up the empty stall next to Old Becky's for his horse to grow up in. I said yes. Then he asked if he could use some lumber and nails and the old wash pot in the yard. I thought about that some. He wanted the lumber to fix up the cracks and keep the wind out. That was all right—the thing to do. The pot, I figured, was to mix mash in for the colt. I told him to go ahead. The boy was so downcast and scared about what Lum might do that I hated to hold him up.

After that, Cicero—Your Maj—Honor—you never heard such hammering and nailing as went on in that stall. He put enough lumber and nails in it, almost, to build a barn. He was pretty good at it, considering. It wasn't so neat, but it was powerful stout. I helped him get the pot in and after that I didn't bother him, just let him do his way.

After dinner that day I was here in town and I met Lum on the street—right up there in front of John Morley's bank. He had a couple of new hame strings in his hand, slapping them against his leg. I says to Lum, I says, "Lum, I wish you'd stop rashin' up the boy, it ain't doin' him no good."

Lum laughed and said, "Huh! The chap ain't no good, neither."

That's all we said, Cicero, every word. He knowed, then, that I didn't like it. Don't it seem to you that he'd a-had the sense to take the hint?

The rest of it, about the pot-slinging, I reckon, there ain't much good in telling about. Whitney's twistin' and a-squirmin' until I get through, so the jury can come back and he can make some fancy law speeches. And Lum Ward's sitting there fingering his bandages and about to pop because I'm holding up his game. I know what you'll do, because you're using the same law that sent that jailbird, Spot Markey, to the gang after he beat up Pig Rawlins. I'm telling you that law don't fit this case, Cicero. I wish I could make you see it, but I guess it's no use. I certain'y wish your pa was here.

All right. Yes, sir. I'll get right down to the pot-slinging. It was the same day I met Lum here in town. I got home just before sunset and started right in to feed the stock. I glanced in Becky's stall and I saw the colt was not with her. I looked next door and laughed. Skippo had boarded that stall up all the way to the ceiling. You couldn't get a hay straw through it. He had the door fastened with a heck of a big log chain and a big padlock. The colt was inside and almost as safe as if it had been in the vault of the Cotton Belt National.

I went down to the cow lot then for a spell and while I was there I heard voices back up at the horse lot. I recognized them. One of them was Skippo and the other was Lum Ward. We had left town about the same time, but he was horseback and I was in the car. Lum had had a few drinks in town but he wasn't drunk, just meaner. So, I got up toward the horse lot as fast as I could.

By that time it was thick dusk and it was pretty dark down among the stalls, but I could see them from a hundred yards off.

"I'm going to see that colt," Lum was saying, "or I'll know the reason why. I'm going to inspect him, you understand?"

With that I saw him reach over and snatch at Skippo's neck. That's when he got the key. It was on a

string around the boy's neck.

Skippo didn't move. He said, "Don't you go in that stall. You'll get hurt."

"Who's going to hurt me? You ain't."

I think yet that if Skippo hadn't told him he'd get hurt that Lum wouldn't have opened the door. Because there wouldn't have been any sense in it. Lum didn't want to see the colt, but to scare Skippo. But when Skippo warned him not to go in he took that as a dare.

I was almost to the barn when Lum finally unlocked the chain and dropped it to the ground. Skippo was standing as straight as a string and his face was white.

"I'm telling you," he said, "not to go in that stall."

Lum says, "And I'm telling you to shut up. Guess you are threatening to spit in my eye again, eh?"

"I wasn't bluffing then, and I'm not bluffing now. I say don't go in there."

"Aha! You're scared your colt won't stand the inspection!"

"If he doesn't, you'll never shoot him."

"We'll see about that, little bum!"

With that Lum, who was pretty mad now, grabbed at the door and yanked it wide open. I yelled to him to wait until I got there, but it was too late then. He stepped in.

The next second a great, big, black thing came just a-helling out of the door and smashed into Lum's middle like a locomotive. It was that old washpot. Skippo had, somehow, hoisted it on a rope. When the door was opened that sprung the trigger and the pot came swinging down through the door. Whoever was in the door got hit. That was his way of protecting his horse.

Lum Ward got hit. That pot slung him clear to the other side and when he struck the wall he went to the ground like a wet rag. He didn't even wiggle. He was out cold. He didn't do any horse inspecting that day. "I told him not to," Skippo told me.

Well—Cicero—Your Honor—that's the way it was. I know Lum has told a big tale about being assault and battered in a trap set for him and all that, but if you want the truth, you've just got it.

(Judge Cicero McNaught looked at Defense Attorney Cudahey Dallen and both looked at Solicitor Whitney Denning. Judge Cicero slightly raised his eyebrows. The Solicitor arose.)

"The State of North Carolina accepts an amended plea of *nolo contendere* and makes the motion that prayer for judgment be continued."

"Granted."

But that ain't what I want, Cicero! I want you to turn him loose.

"Good Lord, Ex! Won't you ever stop talking so this court can attend to business? That's what I've done—turned him loose. Now get out—and take him back to his horse!"

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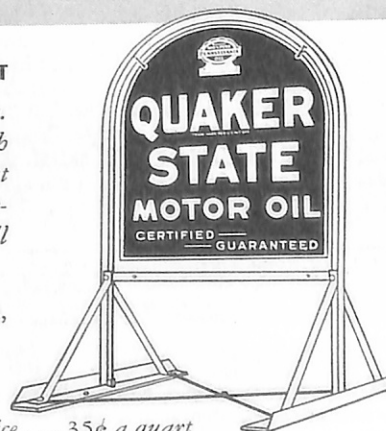
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## How a bride gave her husband ATHLETE'S FOOT



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Is the skin between them red, irritated? Does it itch? Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes, and may ward off painful soreness. For, as the infection progresses, moist white skin may appear, peeling in patches, with skin cracks, rawness and pain—unless Absorbine Jr. is used to soothe the soreness and help the tissues heal.

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\* People infected with Athlete's Foot are "Carriers." According to the U. S. Public Health Service, at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot.

## ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches,  
bruises, sprains and Sunburn

# What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 19)

views of this fine writer. It will be welcome to all his admirers, for once more Hamsun describes the life of a wanderer who comes back from the sea and tries to knit together the strands of life. Abel, his hero, is the individualist who never finds peace, but who learns the lesson of resignation. (Coward McCann, \$2.50)

"I Can Get It for You Wholesale," by Jerome Weidman. A chiseler in the garment industry of New York City, makes his way by selling out his friends and coworkers and even when discredited offers no evidence of possessing moral or ethical scruples. Highly entertaining and told with a touch of sardonic humor, it unmasks the petty racketeers. (Simon & Schuster, \$2)

### BACK STAGE

LIVELY stories of how plays are written and acted are contained in Noel Coward's autobiography, "Present Indicative." Here we discover that this successful playwright and actor, who seems to have been in the money from the start, really had a hard time getting Broadway to produce his plays. Not so long ago, just after the war, he was sitting in Battery Park, New York, with the rest of the bums, and the only difference was that he kept his one gray suit pressed. When his other benchmarks asked him for money he didn't have anything to give them.

He began acting as a boy. In New York he ran into all sorts of amusing experiences. When Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt were still unknown he planned plays with them. He became acquainted with J. Hartley Manners and his wife, Laurette Taylor; afterward he put their household into his play, "Hay Fever." He describes Alexander Woollcott's Sunday morning breakfasts, where the theatrical and literary lights met and talked all day. He laughs at the days when he used to fry his own bacon in a little apartment in Greenwich Village and he tells grand stories about his associates, Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, Gladys Cooper and many other brilliant people of the modern theatre. People think he's a sophisticate, blasé, disillusioned; actually he has the eagerness of a small boy and although people amuse him he is always good tempered in his stories about them. "Present Indicative" is a most interesting record of the last fifteen years in the theatre. (Doubleday Doran & Co., \$3)

### CRUISE OF THE CONRAD

SAILING the high seas before the days of steam was a terrible task and no mistake, but like all things

hard to conquer it carried its own wonder and inspiration with it. The term "rugged old salt" was not bestowed in fun. It was earned.

There's a master mariner of today who can testify to that. Pick up Alan Villiers' book, "Cruise of the Conrad," and read what a young man has to say about it. For 555 days he was buffeted about on the high seas; he covered 57,800 miles with his ship. For the third time in his life he fought terrible weather in the waters around Cape Horn and vowed he'd never go there again—and now he walks the pavements forlorn, disconsolate, for to a man who has conquered the sea the city is an abomination.

Capt. Villiers is Australian born, and a few years ago he sailed in the ships that carry grain from Melbourne to England. He wrote several books about them; the best is "Grain Race." He wanted to own a square-rigger, and in Copenhagen he found a lovely ship, 100 feet at the water line, 212 gross tons, built in 1882 as a training ship and kept in the finest condition. He bought her, called her the Joseph Conrad, and with pride placed a figure-head of that author at the prow. Then, after various obstacles had been overcome—including a wreck off Staten Island—he left New York eastward, turned the Cape of Good Hope, sailed to ports in the South Seas, returned by way of Cape Horn and South America, and docked here last October. By that time he had used up all his available funds and he had to sell the ship to a wealthy American who took a fancy to her.

His book is the story of that trip. It is also the record of a young man's hard fight to stick to his ideals. To read it is an inspiration. He describes the ports he visited, the men and women he found there. He respected the humble natives of the South Sea isles who are often exploited by tourists. He took care of his crew of young men, many of them racked by fever and worn out by the heavy weather. He demonstrates that men who sail ships must have stamina, resourcefulness, courage and ingenuity. Since he did not sail to carry cargo his financial difficulties were almost inevitable, but he survived them all. For a young writer he has had a splendid experience. Anything he writes about the sea will be worth reading. "Cruise of the Conrad" is an inspiring story. It does not result from wanderlust but from a sense of responsibility, a determination to conquer a difficult element, the sea, in ways followed by all the great explorers and navigators. That's why it is so far superior to ordinary records of travel. (Scribner, \$3.75)

## CALL OF THE ROAD

THIS is the time of year when a feeling for travel gets into one's bones. A great many Americans will be carrying their houses at their backs this summer—in a trailer. I'm not in a position to judge a mass movement of this kind; I merely wonder whether the women, who want to get away from housework on a vacation, won't object after the novelty wears off and decide to let somebody else do the dishes.

Next to touring or taking trains and steamships, one can dream about far distant lands at slight expense. The pile of books about foreign countries is getting bigger each week and the pictures and anecdotes are most inviting reading. Let me run through a small number quickly, giving a hint of what's available for the inquiring reader. First, South and Central America. Blair Niles, who has travelled extensively in South America, has written "Peruvian Pageant" to describe her most recent adventures along the historic trails of the Incas. Today Lima is only four and one-half days away from New York City by air—formerly it meant weeks. The whole story of Peru lies available in its monuments—tales of life before the Incas came; then the terrible conquest by Pizarro; then the new life with the white man dominating. Mrs. Niles describes visits to ancient cities, unwrappings of mummies of a forgotten race, the great days of La Perricholi, star of Lima's theatre. A most entertaining book. (Bobbs Merrill, \$3.50)

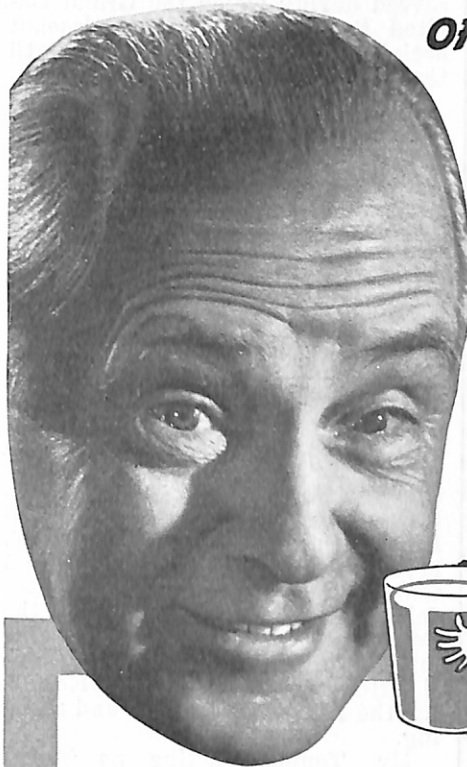
Then there is "Land of Tomorrow," by R. W. Thompson. Argentina, Paraguay, Bolivia, the Amazon, the Chaco—here is a book packed with personal investigation of how the people live, what they produce, how their politics change and why they fight, together with many personal anecdotes and good pictures. (Appleton Century, \$4) "Guatemala," by Erna Fergusson, reveals another Latin country, a world with reminiscences of Mayan days. White men rule Guatemala, but 65 per cent of the people are the swarthy natives of other races, not yet powerful enough to govern. Native dances, festivals, fairs and ways of living are described vividly by Miss Fergusson, with photographs. (Knopf, \$3)

From this continent we hop over to Honolulu and discover Harry A. Franck, that tireless wanderer and story-teller, writing "Roaming in Hawaii." If you have ever read one of his travel books you know what to expect—plenty of information, comment on customs, habits, picturesque dwellings, the charm of festivals and mountains. But Hawaii also has problems—the huge sugar cane plantations and their workers, the schools where children of different races mingle, and the racial difficulties of that far melting-pot. (Stokes, \$3.50)

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# Visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 33)

response to the welcome extended by the Mayor, Gov. Sholtz received personally the many members who had come long distances to meet him. D.D. William B. Davidson presided. At a later hour a banquet was served during which the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke, and a pleasant social session was enjoyed until train time.

Buffalo was the next stop on the itinerary. Gov. Sholtz and Mr. Clancy were met by a large delegation of Buffalo Elks which included D.D. Joseph H. Tonnies, Jr., P.E.R. Vincent J. Baker, Secy. J. J. Donovan and M. J. Mulligan, Chairman of the State Assn. Committee on Flags and Memorials, and escorted to the Statler Hotel where breakfast was served for the entire party. All of the Lodges of the N. Y. West District were represented at the evening meeting. Rochester Lodge No. 24 sent its Boys' Band and 200 members headed by P.E.R.s D. Curtis Gano, who is a Past State President, H. R. Darling, Frank M. Miller, T. Edward Freckleton, Samuel B. Ray, John T. McGuire, George A. Swalbach and George S. Bartold. The Rochester delegation figured prominently in the procession which had brought the visitors of note from the Hotel to the Home of Buffalo Lodge No. 23, for the reception, banquet and meeting.

Mr. Tonnies, acting as Toastmaster at the banquet, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who delivered one of the finest addresses the assembled Elks had ever heard. Among the other speakers were Past Pres. Gano who spoke for the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; Edward A. Hart-

nett, City Editor of the *Buffalo Evening News*, speaking on behalf of the city, and E.R. Harry A. Blanchard who extended the welcome for the membership of Buffalo Lodge. At the end of the formal program Gov. Sholtz spent a busy hour complying with hundreds of requests for autographs. A delightful floor show was presented.

Among the prominent Elks of the District who attended were John B. Bordwell, Albion, member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; State Trustee J. Theodore Moses, North Tonawanda; State Vice-Pres. Frank E. Morton, Olean; Past State Pres. Alonzo L. Waters, Medina; P.D.D.s J. William Murphy, Dunkirk, and Dr. Roy M. Bradley, Jamestown; E.R.s J. Leo Seittler, Olean, H. Wesley Clark, Niagara Falls, and George M. Blackmon, Jamestown; Secy.s R. Pollo Stillman, Albion, and Andrew C. O'Brien, Lockport, and P.E.R.s Roy C. Glawf and Howard W. Allan, North Tonawanda, Robert A. Harvey and Albert Kleps, Jr., Batavia, Fred B. Barnes, Dunkirk, Milford A. Buckley, Olean, and Neal Cheavacci, Lancaster. The Buffalo Lodge Committee on Arrangements was headed by P.E.R. Vincent L. Baker, and P.E.R. Frank L. Spoeri was in charge of publicity.

Leaving Buffalo on Tuesday morning, April 13, Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz made a train trip to Owego, where he was met by E. R. Wright Johnson, P.E.R.s John T. Gorman, Past State Pres., Arthur B. Stiles, P.D.D., and Secy. George B. Millrea. An account of this enjoyable visit will appear in our next issue.

## Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 27)

### Oshkosh., Wis., P.E.R.s Initiate Class Dedicated to Them

A class of 24 candidates, initiated recently before a gathering in the Lodge Home of over 300 Elks, was dedicated by Oshkosh, Wis., Lodge, No. 292, to its Past Exalted Rulers. After E.R. Oscar A. Lichtenberger had called the meeting to order, the regular officers vacated their stations and Past Exalted Rulers took charge of the ceremonies. Music was furnished by the Glee Club of Fond du Lac, Wis., Lodge, No. 57. E.R. Gordon E. Derber, of Appleton, Wis., Lodge, and Secy. Leo B. Weber, Fond du Lac, were among the out-of-town Elks present.

After the Lodge session an old-fashioned fish fry and an entertainment program were enjoyed in the club rooms. The hill billy orchestra from Fond du Lac Lodge made things lively.

### Lodge of Sorrow for P.E.R. Malloy Held by Hutchinson, Kans., Lodge

A Lodge of Sorrow was held at a special meeting of Hutchinson, Kans., Lodge, No. 453, in memory of P.E.R. A. C. Malloy who died suddenly on February 4. Mr. Malloy served as Exalted Ruler for three terms—1905-06, 1907-08, and 1908-09. The present Home of the Lodge was built during one of his adminis-

trations, and it was mainly through his efforts that its promotion and financing were carried through. He will be keenly missed by the whole membership who respected and loved him with sincerity.

Mr. Malloy was initiated into Hutchinson Lodge on May 6, 1904, and became a Life Member on July 17, 1908. He was recognized as an authority on business, utility and corporation law, and was a member of one of the outstanding legal firms of Kansas, a former City Attorney and a former Director of the local Chamber of Commerce. He was also active in Masonic work. Mr. Malloy is survived by his widow, one daughter, his father and a brother. The Jack Malloy Memorial award for Hutchinson Boy Scouts was established by Mr. Malloy in memory of his son, Jack, who died several years ago.

#### **Degree Team of Hancock, Mich., Lodge Praised by D.D. Logic**

The Past Exalted Rulers Degree Team of Hancock, Mich., Lodge, No. 381, is winning an enviable reputation among the Lodges of Michigan North as an outstanding Elk organization in that section of the State. Recently the Team went to Calumet where it initiated a class for Calumet, Mich., Lodge, No. 404. On the occasion of P.E.R.s Night at Hancock Lodge it initiated a class of candidates for both Hancock and Calumet Lodges.

D.D. F. O. Logic, of Iron Mountain Lodge, complimented the Team highly on the excellence of its performance when he made his official visit to Hancock Lodge. The District Deputy announced plans for a sum-

mer meeting of the Lodges of the North District, at which time Hancock Lodge will put on the degree work, initiating candidates for all the Lodges represented.

#### **Malone, N. Y., Lodge Gives Colors to Boys of Local Squadron**

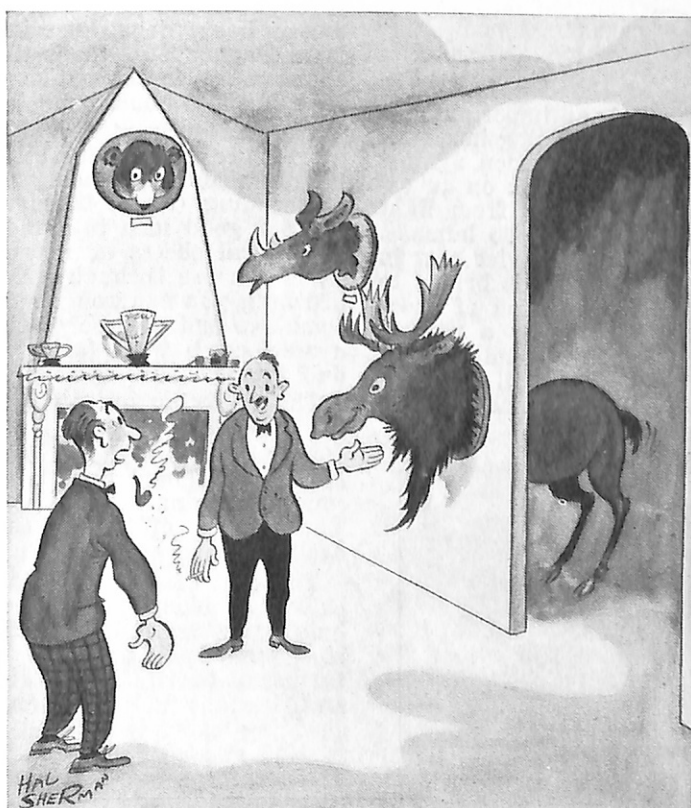
At its regular meeting on April 16 Malone, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1303, donated the money for a set of Colors and a banner to the local Squadron of Sons of the American Legion for use in their ceremonies and in their parades with the Drum and Bugle Corps. Through Adjutant William H. Taylor, Jr., Malone Post No. 219 of The American Legion has expressed its appreciation of the Lodge's generous gift and of its general interest in the young members of the Squadron.

#### **Willimantic, Conn., Lodge Burns Mortgage on Its Home and Park**

An attendance of 650 Elks and their friends taxed the Connecticut State Armory to capacity on April 2 when Willimantic, Conn., Lodge, No. 1311, celebrated its 23rd Anniversary and burned the mortgage on its \$200,000 Home and five-acre park. A banquet, a three-hour entertainment program, the mortgage-burning ceremonies and addresses by prominent Elks of the State made the event a memorable one.

The program was opened by E.R. Lester M. Shea. P.E.R. Harry S. Gaucher was Toastmaster. P.E.R. T. Frank Cunningham delivered the 11 O'Clock Toast, after which a lighted candle was passed from Alderman Joseph M. Berard, the only survivor

(Continued on page 54)



"I didn't have the heart to shoot him!"

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# Your Dog



Photo by Philip D. Gendreau, N. Y.

By Captain Will Judy

Editor of Dog World Magazine

## Care of the Coat

THE hair of the dog is termed the coat. It is an important part of the dog's physical being inasmuch as it is his only protection against exposure. He cannot put on an extra overcoat or change from light to heavy underwear as do humans.

Most dogs have a heavier coat in the winter months. This brings to consideration the question of shedding of the coat. It is a natural process for the old, dead hair to loosen at the roots and fall out while the new hair comes in thru the same root openings.

Some dogs shed more than others. Some shed once a year and some twice a year. Others may shed throughout the year and these are mostly house dogs, kept indoors, in heated apartments, dogs that do not spend many hours outdoors in the open air and sunshine.

The best "cure" for shedding is a brisk brushing with a stiff bristled brush twice a day during the period of shedding (about three weeks).

It's a good idea to stand the dog on several sheets of newspaper, so when you are through combing and brushing you can roll up paper and combings and dispose of them. Use a steel comb with fairly wide and dull teeth.

The following are suggestions for the care of the coat.

A healthy coat should be lustrous. That is, it should have a sheen because of the natural oil in the hair. The presence of this oil indicates a healthful skin condition.

The coat of the dog is the result chiefly of blood conditions for the hair gets nourishment from the blood and feeds on what the blood furnishes to it. Therefore, diet is an important factor. When dogs are shedding excessively, and the coat is dead and without the natural oil in it, change the diet considerably over a period of several weeks and



Times Wide World Photo

Pembroke Welsh Corgi. Courtesy Dr. Murray Maxwell, Roslyn, L. I., N. Y.

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give the dog an internal cleansing, such as a teaspoonful of milk of magnesia twice weekly. Fish (but be sure every bone is removed) or one of the commercial fish foods for dogs, is an excellent change and is good for the coat.

The best treatment of the coat is the internal treatment, by diet thru the blood. The external treatment may consist of brushing, of massaging the skin, of bathing, and of the rubbing of olive oil, vaseline or oil ointments directly into the skin.

Every dog should be brushed daily—first opposite the lay of the coat, then in the direction of the coat. Only three or four minutes of time is needed for this beneficial dry bath and skin treatment.

Bathing should not be resorted to in excess; and the reader is referred to the article on Bathing. The natural oil of the hair gives the health and luster to the coat and avoids dandruff. Excessive bathing takes away this oil too rapidly.

To rub olive oil, vaseline, or any such emollient directly into the skin

is beneficial although it is only an aid in the treatment of the skin and in the growth of the coat. Massaging of the skin, gently rubbing it between the fingers and covering the entire body in this way is an excellent method of removing dead hair, invigorating the skin, and improving the coat. In fact it is a secret which some professional handlers employ for presenting shortcoated dogs in the very best condition in the show ring.

Take care of your dog's coat for to him it is his clothing, and his protection against cold and heat alike. If it is kept in good condition, it is a thing of beauty to humans as well as usefulness to the dog.

*If you want further detailed information as to the care of your Dog, we will be glad to answer your questions or send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.*



## Elks Good Will Safety Tour

(Continued from page 36)

pose in mind of publicizing the principles of safe driving, hoping thereby to lend impetus to the work of many civic organizations and to translate concretely the desires of far thinking leaders in our communities. An important feature of the Tour, therefore, was the selection of the General Tire Company's Dual Ten Special Safety Tires. By tests more gruelling than any encountered in ordinary driving, this tire has been demonstrated to be one of the safest tires made. Further emphasizing safety, the Good Will Ambassadors are carrying with them an interesting and dramatic talking picture made by General Tire Company, who drew upon Travelers Insurance Company for certain vital statistics which assist in portraying vividly the hazards of unsafe driving.

One of the direct benefits derived by the Order and the ELKS MAGAZINE from the annual tours is the favorable newspaper publicity secured, which runs into hundreds of thousands of lines. This publicity is gained, of course, through the excellent receptions given the cars and from the activities of the Good Will Ambassadors themselves. Nearly every State governor—and the cars have visited every State in the Union—has virtually turned over to the

drivers the key to the State, and leading civic officials everywhere have participated in the welcoming ceremonies.

In view of the difficulties to be encountered on a tour of this kind—the varied climate, the mountainous terrain, the torn up roads over which speed must be maintained—only the most select products can be used in the operation of the Good Will cars. Quaker State Motor Oils and Greases, to mention one of the products, have been relied upon in every tour since the first one of the ELKS MAGAZINE conducted in 1929. The Quaker products will be used again, of course this year. Texaco Ethyl Gasoline is another of the better quality articles indispensable in this undertaking and Ethyl will power all six cars.

An interesting side of the Good Will Tour is the railroad-like fidelity by which the cars follow out their schedule. Experience has taught that the most effectual receptions are those which take place at a stated hour. Reception committee cannot be kept waiting; delegations grow impatient over protracted delays. The ELKS MAGAZINE is insuring the desired promptness by equipping the Good Will Ambassadors with Gruen Precision watches.

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# Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 51)

of the five applicants for the charter of Willimantic Lodge, to P.E.R. P. D. Donahue who had been Chairman of the Building Committee. The entire debt was paid off in less than ten years. Among the speakers were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury; State Pres. John J. Nugent, Ansonia; Max Boyer, New London, Pres. of the Conn. P.E.R.s Assn.; State Senator Francis W. Hogan, P.E.R., Torrington; P.E.R. James L. McGovern, Bridgeport, and Mayor Pierre J. Laramee, Willimantic.

### Prominent Men Are Honor Guests at Worcester, Mass., Lodge Meeting

Among the 600 Elks present at a recent meeting of Worcester, Mass., Lodge, No. 243, were the Governor of Massachusetts, Charles F. Hurley, the Mayor of Worcester, John F. Sullivan, and Past Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady, P.E.R. of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, who was accompanied by a delegation of 50 fellow members. P.D.D. Dr. I. W. Smith of Leominster, Mass., Lodge, who installed the new Worcester officers at the meeting, was accompanied by an honorary suite so large that its members had to be introduced in groups. Many lodges were represented.

### Willmar, Minn., Elks Pleased by Their Secretary's Report

At a recent meeting of Willmar, Minn., Lodge, No. 952, Life Membership cards were presented to charter members William O. Johnson, Secretary of the Lodge for 26 years, and A. F. Hanscom. The annual report of the present Secretary, George O. Lundquist, showed a good financial condition. During the past year the Entertainment Committee sponsored a number of dances in the Lodge rooms and provided many other entertainment features among which was a recent boxing bout. The Ladies' Auxiliary, which held weekly card parties through the Fall and Winter, purchased two beautiful chairs for the Lodge parlors and assisted in the Lodge's numerous charitable activities.

### Delta, Colo., Lodge Host to Visiting Elks; Plans Convention Trip

Delta, Colo., Lodge, No. 1235, staged one of the finest inter-Lodge meetings ever held on the western slope of Colorado when it entertained visiting Elks from Grand Junction, Ouray, Aspen Leadville, Durango, Montrose and Telluride. A splendid banquet was served at 7 P. M. to more than 200. Visiting officers filled the Chairs at the Lodge meeting after which there was an entertainment program featuring the best talent obtainable in

the vicinity. The social session was a long one and all the visitors agreed that they had been royally entertained. During recent months the Entertainment Committee of the Lodge has promoted several dances with excellent orchestras, and the Lodge funds have been enriched by the proceeds of other affairs given by the Committee.

Delta Elks are enthusiastically preparing for their trip to Denver in July when the 73rd Grand Lodge National Convention will be held. The float to be entered by the Lodge will be one of the most unique ever seen in a parade. While the minor details are being kept secret, it is understood that a lake and flowing stream, teeming with Colorado mountain trout, will be featured. The trout will be caught as the parade moves along, and the catch will be presented to the Governor of Colorado, the Mayor of Denver and high officials of the Order for their dinner that evening.

### Orthopedic Clinics held by North Dakota Lodges

An extra day was added to the holding of the Orthopedic Clinic in the Home of Williston, N. Dak., Lodge, No. 1214, recently, in order to take care of the large number of children who came for help. Registration showed a total of 128 patients. Crippled children were present from Williams, McKenzie, Divide and Mountrail Counties, and a few even made the long journey from Burke County.

The Clinic was one of ten sponsored by the State Welfare Board, and was arranged by the local Elks. As the regulations of the social security set-up would have prevented the examination of some of the cases, the Crippled Children's Committee of Williston Lodge took over the expense. Close cooperation between the social security officials and the Elks made possible examinations and the using of X-rays in some cases of suffering individuals who would otherwise have been turned away. Dr. J. C. Swanson, Fargo orthopedist, assisted by local doctors, officiated. P.E.R. Alex Rawitcher, Chairman of the Williston Elks Crippled Children's Committee, arranged the Clinic, working with Walter Domrese, social security field worker, and State Chairman Sam Stern, of Fargo, took an active part.

Many members of the Lodge assisted in various ways. A chicken dinner was served in the Lodge's basement for 262 people.

The second Clinic in the series was held by Dickinson, N. D., Lodge, No. 1137, and was arranged by Chairman A. C. Pagenkopf and E.R. W. A.

Brown of the Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee. One hundred and forty-one cripples under 18 years of age from Dunn, Stark, Billings, Golden Valley, Slope, Hettinger, Adams and Bowman Counties were examined in the Lodge Home, examinations being made by Dr. Swanson and Dr. H. J. Fortin, Fargo Orthopedists. Their work was augmented by local physicians and St. Joseph's Hospital where many case histories and X-ray plates were furnished, and by the local Elks and their Committee and State, County and City departmental officers.

#### **Rabbit Dinner Precedes Important Meeting at Holland, Mich., Lodge**

Sixty-five members of Holland, Mich., Lodge, No. 1315, attended a rabbit dinner given by the Lodge on April 6. A fine time was had and a number of visiting Elks were present. After dinner the regular Lodge meeting was held and P.E.R. Frank A. Small of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, installed the new Holland officers. This year the Lodge elected the youngest Exalted Ruler it has ever had. E.R. William McCarthy is only 26 years of age.

#### **Judge Barefoot Officiates in Ceremonies for El Reno, Okla., Lodge**

The new officers of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, headed by William L. Fogg, E.R., had the honor to be installed by the Hon. B. B. Barefoot, Judge of the State Criminal Court of Appeals. Mr. Barefoot is a P.E.R. of Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417, a

former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and an associate member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. A dinner was served before the meeting to 200 members and their wives.

#### **Dinner and Reception on Meeting Night at Woodward, Okla., Lodge**

One hundred Oklahoma Elks attended a meeting on April 5 of Woodward, Okla., Lodge, No. 1355, at which Past State Pres. George M. McLean of El Reno Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was the principal speaker. Mr. McLean and 15 of his fellow members were entertained at dinner before the Lodge session. Mr. McLean acted as Grand Exalted Ruler during the installation ceremonies for the new Woodward officers, who are headed by Herman Salz, Exalted Ruler.

A reception was held after the meeting for the retiring Exalted Ruler, John Dieffenderfer, who is the present Secretary of the Okla. State Elks Assn. A Dutch Lunch was served.

#### **Alma, Mich., Elks Keep Busy and Interested**

Aside from its initiations and regular meetings, the members of Alma, Mich., Lodge, No. 1400, have enjoyed many special events during the Lodge year. The winter program began with a Hallowe'en party, closely followed by the annual Game Banquet, always keenly anticipated.



"Right here is where Collins looked like a bear—Lord rest his soul"

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SAG!**



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After the charitable and social activities during the Holidays, and the January smoker, interest centered on "Keno," enjoyed by members and non-members alike every Monday evening. The sum of \$50, the proceeds of a keno party held on Feb. 4, was donated to flood relief.

### **Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge Has Successful Year; Holds P.E.R.s Night**

The Lodge year, recently ended, was a successful one for Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1312, 72 candidates having been initiated during that time. A class of 10 was received into the Lodge at its last meeting in March.

On P.E.R.s Night, the Lodge used as a memorial an improvised monument, constructed by a committee, which became illuminated each time Secy. Earl A. Smith called a name upon the roll of the Lodge's deceased Past Exalted Rulers. Lodge was called to order by E.R. Joseph A. McCarthy who then turned the meeting over to P.E.R.s Francis H. Marx, Byron H. Chesbro, Paul E. Baldwin, Ernest C. Kramer, Gordon M. Davidson, W. Morton Bertrand, J. P. Molinari and Miles C. Dales. The memorial program included music played throughout the ceremony and a rendition of the "Vacant Chair." "Thanatopsis" was given by P.E.R. George J. Dann. P.E.R. John J. Gessner delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. An initiation was held during the meeting.

### **"State Night" Brings Prominent Elks to Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge**

Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge No. 262, held its second annual "All State Night" on March 22 with leading Elks of the S. D. State Elks Assn. officiating during the meeting. A class of 16 candidates was initiated. The program, which opened at 7 P. M. with the registration of candidates, included a concert by the Band of Sioux Falls Lodge, the initiation, a stage show and a late supper. It was a "big" night with Elks attending from all over the State.

Acting as officers were State President R. G. Mayer, Aberdeen; Past State Presidents E. C. McKenzie, Huron, Milton E. Dowdell, Mitchell, State Secretary, Carl H. Nelles, Madison, and J. Ford Zietlow, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, of Aberdeen Lodge; D.D. James M. Lloyd, Yankton, and Past District Deputies C. L. Doherty, Rapid City, and Howard B. Case, Watertown.

### **Father-Son Banquet for Kalamazoo, Mich., Elks' Scout Troop**

Five new members were enrolled in Boy Scout Troop No. 8 at its first annual Father-Son Banquet held in the Home of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, which sponsors the Troop. The banquet was attended by 100 fathers, sons and Lodge officials, and marked the first birthday of the Troop which numbers 36 boys. In addition Kalamazoo Lodge sponsors three members of the Sea Scouts and a Cub Scout pack numbering 11 members.

Prizes were awarded to the Scouts who were successful in the year's contests, by Eddie Humphrey. Community singing was led by Scoutmaster Russell Evans. Max LaVene, Chairman of the Lodge's Boy Scout Committee, was Toastmaster. E.R. John T. Hickmott spoke on the Lodge's activities as sponsor. Interest in the Scout movement is so keen that the organization of a second troop in the Lodge is predicted.

### **Beaumont, Texas, Lodge Stages Gratifying "Comeback"**

Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311, one of the older Lodges of the Order, reports a real "comeback" evidenced by the acquisition of a large number of young, enthusiastic members, fine cooperation given the officers by the whole membership and a remarkable increase in attendance on meeting nights. A large part of the credit for recent progress is attributed to E.R. Robert Kretzmann and

his officers. On March 1 it was announced that 25 candidates were awaiting initiation and that 50 new members had been added in the past three months.

A Ladies' Auxiliary was organized in January which meets twice a month. Its bridge tournament and a bingo party were highly successful, netting a substantial sum for the Auxiliary's charity fund.

### **Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge Observes its Thirtieth Anniversary**

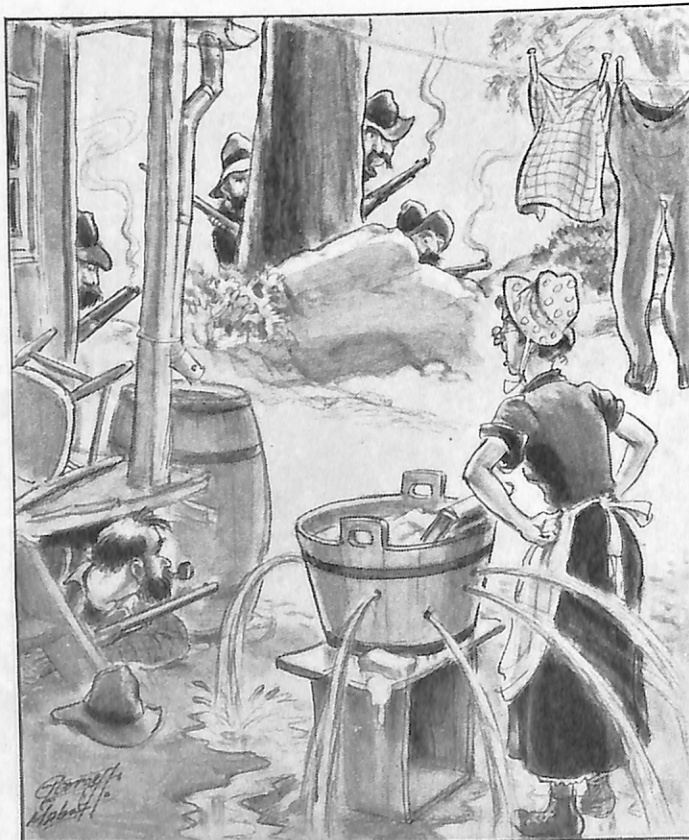
At its regular meeting on April 22, Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, celebrated the 30th Anniversary of its institution which took place on April 17, 1907. P.E.R. J. Ford Zietlow, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, made an interesting address in which he related the circumstances of the Lodge's organization.

Eleven of the 15 living charter members, who had been personally invited by E.R. A. M. Shanahan, were present. They were introduced from the rostrum by P.E.R. M. C. Mulcahey, who welcomed them to the meeting. Mr. Mulcahey also presented each with a boutonniere. Former Mayor John Wade, a member of Aberdeen Lodge, spoke of its early days and also responded for the charter members. An initiation was held and a fine lunch served. A large crowd attended the meeting, the Elks Chorus gave several numbers, and altogether the birthday observance was thoroughly enjoyable.

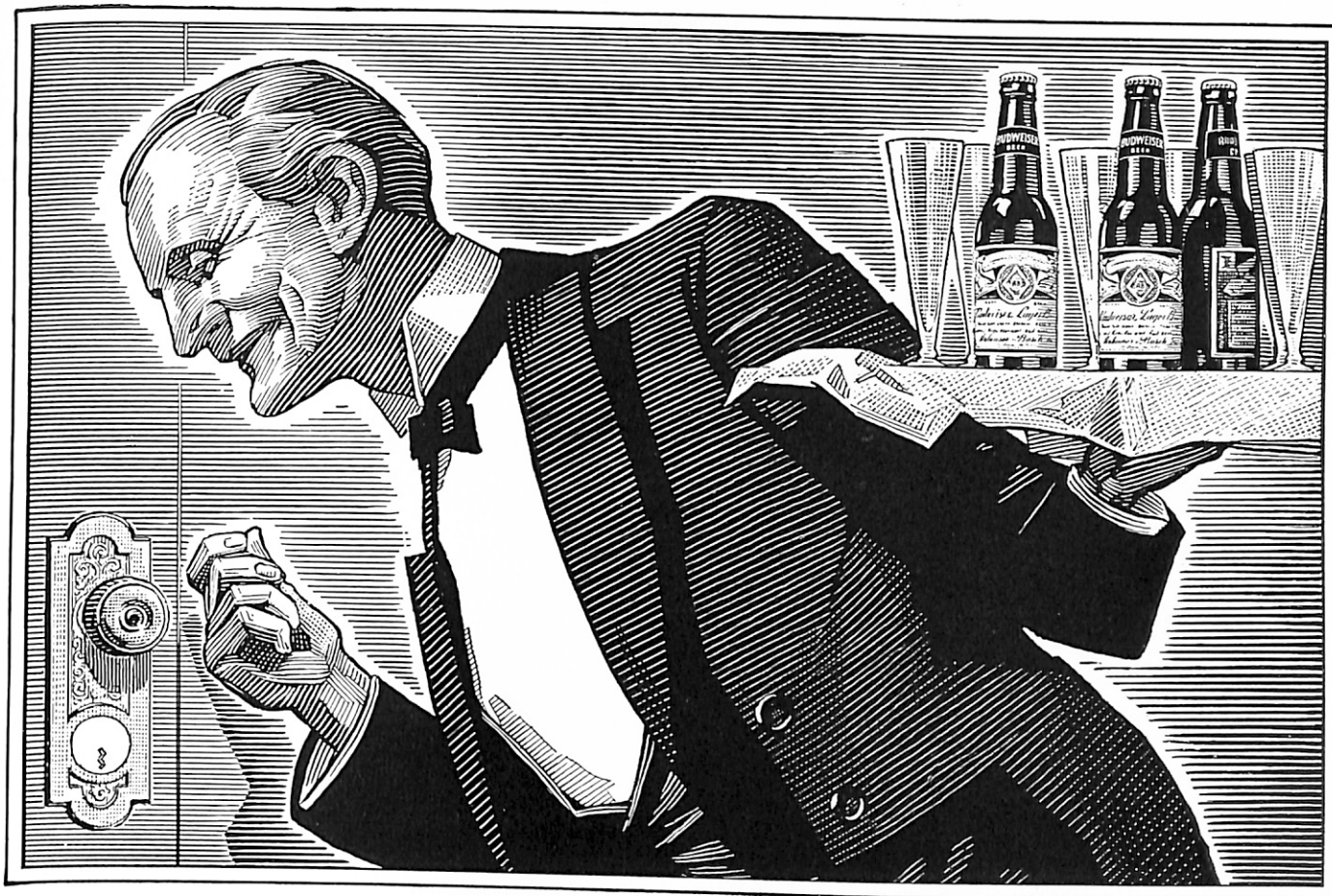
### **49th Birthday Celebrated by Birmingham, Ala., Lodge**

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, celebrated its 49th Anniversary on Thursday night, March 25, with a banquet and dance at the Hotel Tutwiler. Several hundred Elks and their ladies were present, many coming from different parts of the State.

The only surviving charter member, P.E.R. Harry W. English, P.D.D., received special honors. Mr. English is famous for his huge collection of Elk mementoes and his scrap book containing thousands of Elk items furnished by him as Press Chairman to newspapers over a period of many years. The other first year members, besides Mr. English, are Past Exalted Rulers W. P. McCrossin and Professor F. L. Grambs, Harry Wheelock, and the twin brothers, G. D. LeBolt of New York City, and I. C. LeBolt of Memphis, both of whom still retain their memberships in Birmingham Lodge.



"How many times have I told y'all not to come a'feudin' on wash-day?"



"A friend from home, sir."

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# WORLD'S CHAMPION HIGH-DIVER...

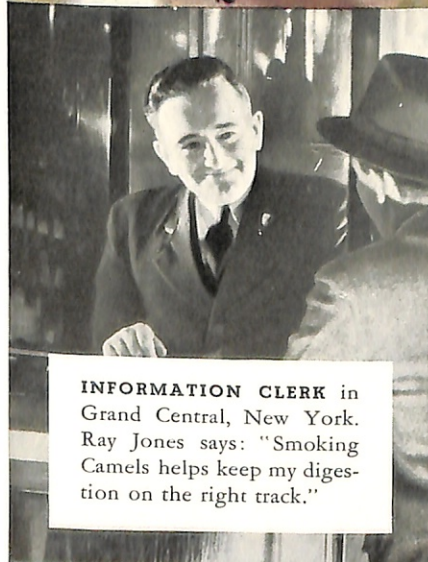
SOME OF HER TITLES: NATIONAL HIGH-DIVING CHAMPION (33 FT. TOWER)  
FOR 4 YEARS... U.S. NATIONAL SPRINGBOARD CHAMPION  
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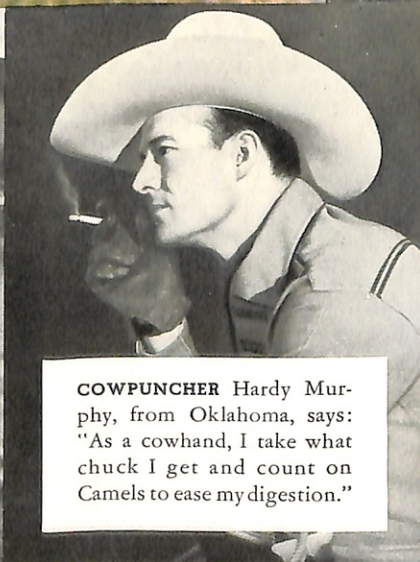
"I put great emphasis on good digestion,"  
says Dorothy Poynton Hill, Camel Smoker

"IT'S a long way down when I dive from the high board," Dorothy continues, "—you can see why I enjoy Camels 'for digestion's sake.'" Mealtimes (*right*), and between meals, too, Dorothy prefers Camel's mildness. "I've found that Camels never jangle my nerves, or upset my physical condition," she says. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels give digestion a helping hand.

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